Vol. CXXIX. No. 1672.

THE BYSTANDER. JANUARY 1, 1936.

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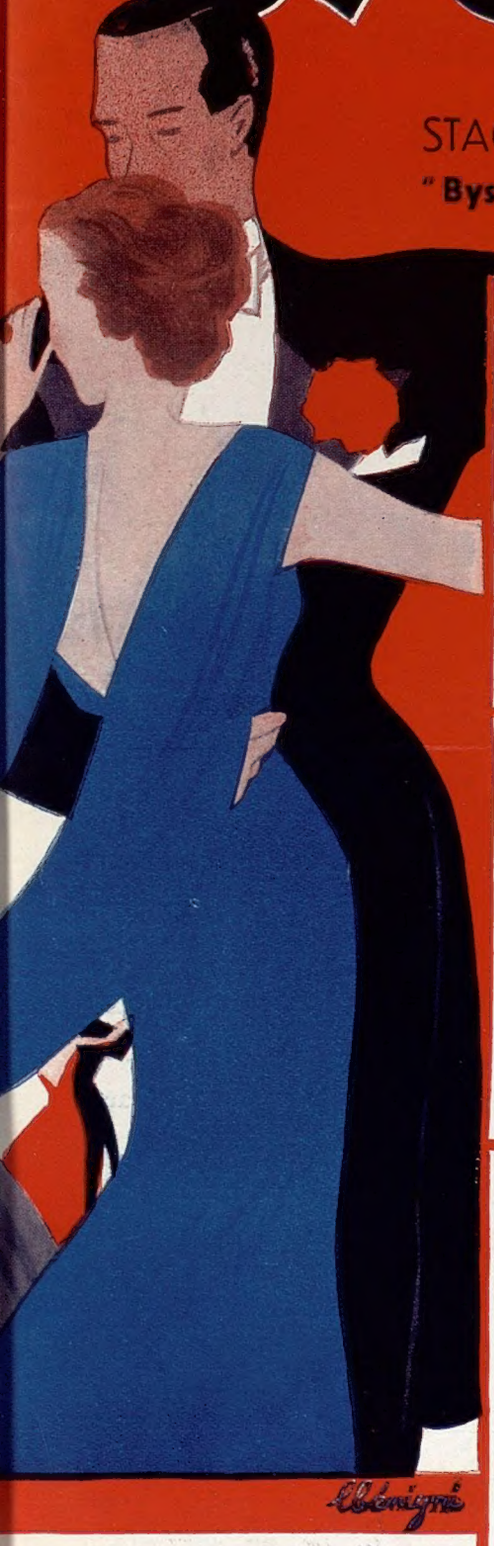

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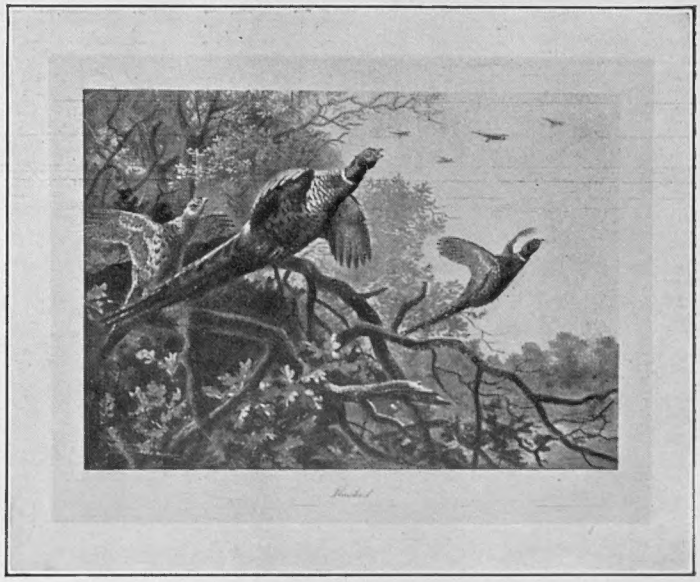

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The Bystander, January 1, 1936

No. 1672. Vol. CXXIX.

The BYSTANDER

Mr. Anthony Eden

The Foreign Secretary As Cabrol Sees Him

Last seal was set on the Government's reaffirmation of its whole-hearted support of the League and condemnation of aggression by the appointment of Anthony Eden as Foreign Minister. Only the Italians and the more enthusiastic of their French friends were displeased; the rest of the world, and Geneva especially, had a warm welcome for this brilliant young man in his new post. He is, at thirty-eight, the youngest Foreign Secretary for nearly a hundred years. Few of his predecessors, of whatever age, have received a portfolio fuller of grave and complex problems; none of them has brought to the handling of these a better equipment of immediate and first-hand knowledge and experience, and a more proved devotion to the cause at stake

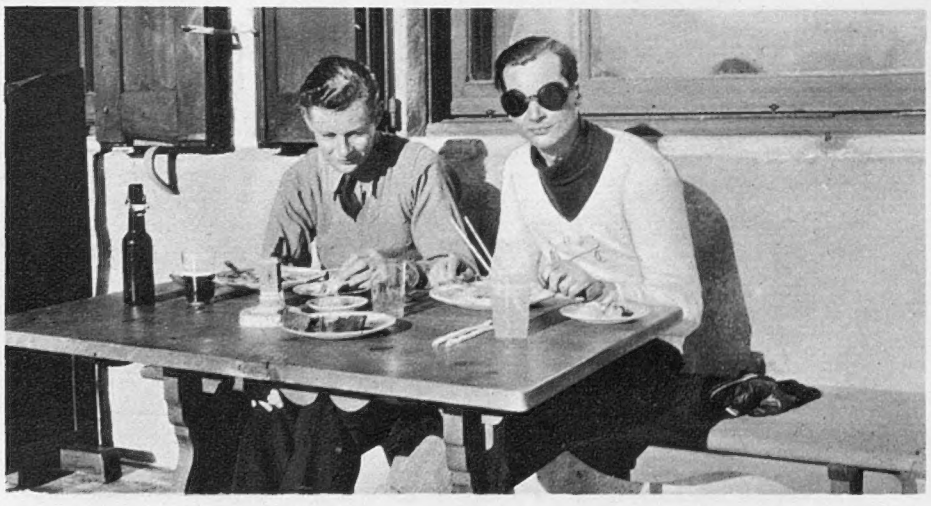
Vernon Coats, "Paddy" Green and Digby Raeburn

These three waiting for their out-of-door lunches were among the first snow-migrants before Christmas. Vernon Coats is the son of the late Captain Jack Coats; "Paddy" Green skis for Great Britain and will be racing in the Olympic Games at Garmisch; Digby Raeburn is a grandson of Sir William Raeburn, and captain of the Cambridge ski-team

Lady Ashley and Mrs. Basil Bleck

Left: Lady Ashley and her sister arrived before the big over-Christmas snow-storm. Lady Ashley was dressed for "snow-booting" around the village, and was all in black and white

Below: another open-air, eight-thousand-feet-up lunch-party consisted of the Oxford ski-captain, W. H. Earle, and one of his best runners, J. Palmer Tomkinson. The 'Varsity races were dated for just before the New Year



W. H. Earle and J. Palmer Tomkinson

A Beginners' Class Lined Up o

Here They Had Snow

First News of the Winter Sports Migratio

Colin Wyatt

Is an ex-ski-captain of Cambridge, now a good ski-jumper and Tyrolean dresser. At home he's an artist with two exhibitions to his credit

Kitzbühl Nursery Slopes

For Christmas

Switzerland and Austria

Miss Nancye Barry

Is one of England's starrish ski-ers on the female side. Wears an embroidered jacket made for her in Vienna with close-fitting navy plus-fours, this year's ruling

Freddie McEvoy

Right: Freddie McEvoy is another Olympic performer; went to Switzerland for Christmas and to get his bobbing in hand before going on to Garmisch

Commander and Mrs. Eric Long and Nicholas Elliott

The Eric Longs and Nicholas Elliott are doing their ski-ing in Switzerland. Commander Long represents the British Ski Club in the Engadine, passes tests and leads expeditions. Nicholas Elliott is the Headmaster of Eton's son

Douglas Fairbanks, Senior

The senior Mr. Fairbanks, wearing his Tyrolean hat, set off for exercise in the beginning of the snow-storm that made a very all-white Christmas

Film Stars Fay Wray and Dorothy Jordan in Switzerland

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Miss Penelope Maffey

Was photographed in the dress she wore for the Vienna Congress Ball at the Austrian Legation. She is Sir John Maffey's daughter; knows Vienna well, having spent some time out there studying music

Bassano

Miss Valerie Domville

Is engaged to Robert Francis Gore Lea, the second son of Sir Sydney Lea, and the late Lady Lea, of Dunley Hall, Stourport, Worcs. She is the elder daughter of the late Sir James Domville, and Kathleen, Lady Domville, of 38, South Eaton Place, S.W.1, and will be twenty-two this year

LAST-MINUTE shopping is torture. Why on earth don't we make those awful lists during our summer holidays, and start out in good time when pheasant or partridge shooting begins? We ask ourselves this question every year and get the same silly answer: because we don't!

We are in the thick of it while writing this, to make things worse; although by the end of our chapter Christmas will once more be over. There are humorous consolations about this absurd festive season; for instance, an unexpected Christmas Eve apparition, Mr. "Eddie" Tatham, famous as an usher and a "party king," hung with packages, gazing spellbound at a mechanical Father Christmas popping in and out of a window in an Oxford Street store!

And Sir Hugh Smiley poaching on Sir John Dashwood's private preserves by wearing white kid gloves at the Smiley party; Lady Smiley, too, greeted her guests with a formally gloved hand.

Eleventh-Hour Extravagance

FINAL present-hunting with a distracted young man drove us into the most exclusive of all London jewellers, which was packed at the eleventh hour. Here we found Mrs. Edythe d'Erlanger, very attractive in a mink tippet; Hamish Erskine and Ned Bluckley, and Lady Castlerosse, who wears the most ingenuous "little boy" sailor hat with a sumptuous mink coat. In an almost private side room, Mr. Szarvasy was examining something that seemed to be very special and important.

Half-American Beauty

THE Gordon Leiths' was one of the most successful parties of last week. Mrs. Gordon Leith is a hostess of great tact and charm, and their house in Hyde Park Square is one of the most delightful in London. Miss Jean Innes-Kerr was one of the prettiest girls in the room. She is half-American, as her mother was Miss Eloise Breese before her marriage to the Duke of Roxburgh's uncle.

Stalls for Late-comers

ANOTHER amusing party was the cocktail one Mr. Harold Warrender and Miss Jessica Tandy gave at the Whitehall Theatre, where their *Anthony and Anna* show is running. It was mostly on the stage until only the footlights were left as standing-room; late arrivals found themselves sitting in rows in the stalls. An extraordinarily good-looking trio in black who arrived together were the host's sister-in-law, Lady Warrender, Mrs. Arthur Paget, and her sister, Miss Patricia Lowry Corry. Lady Patricia Latham came late, also in black, and there were lots of stage faces, of course, Cedric Hardwicke and Nelson Keys among them. Also a contingent of Scots, including the Ronnie Cummings, Major Jim Campbell, and Mr. Archie Pearson.

Eats Everything in Sight

THE new Canadian chorus at Grosvenor House should be a great success. We agree with the daily columnist who noted that they are just as pretty and just as "casual" as their Yankee predecessors. The comedian, Mr. Chaz Chase, is one of the few really funny men we have ever seen. He eats everything in sight, including his own shirt and a dummy violin, and ends up by having a bath in a much-too-small basket.

Many Sweenys were in evidence on the opening night. The charming father and mother of the golfing sons told us they were soon off down South. The Charles Sweenys were at another table

with Mr. and Mrs. Whigham ; she wearing the lovely all-fringe dress with which Gertrude Lawrence — in the Coward Repertory Company—is exciting all the girls in the provinces to a frenzy of envy.

A Born Hostess

We hear that Mme. Alfredo de Peña is deserting her Hill Street mansion for a flat in Curzon Street. We shall miss the parties at the former, for gayer and better-run entertainments we never remember.

" Flo de P.", as she is known to her friends, is a born hostess, and one of the kindest people living. Her extraordinarily blue eyes and beautiful feet and ankles are perhaps her best points, plus a great sense of humour and the ability to see a joke against herself. She wears ospreyed toques and sumptuous furs in the grand manner, and is one of the few women in London who can wear a hat with an evening dress.

An Attractive Trip

When the Strathmore sails for the West Indies on January 11th she will carry a famous " racing " cargo, as Colonel " Troops " Gordon Carter, Lord Glanely, Captain " Jumbo " Jolliffe, and Major Tommy Graves are on the passenger-list. How we envy them leaving on such an attractive trip at such a grim time of year.

Not many men of over eighty would think of embarking on such a long expedition, but Colonel Gordon Carter takes more in his daily stride than many a man of fifty. The racecourses in the West Indies can rarely have had four more distinguished visitors than the Clerk of the Ascot course, a member of the Jockey Club, an owner and racecourse caterer, and a famous bookmaker all at once !

One We Shall Keep

Colonel Gordon Carter's Christmas-card, by the way, was one of the nicest we have seen ; just a word or two of greeting printed on a card in his own remarkable handwriting and signed " Troops." We can't keep all our cards for ever, but that one will never be destroyed.

Another that we like a lot is a week-end message from the Western Union, signed " Merle." There is only one Merle, and her second name is Oberon. This is such a good idea. All the messages you might send are printed, and all you do is put a cross against those that apply.

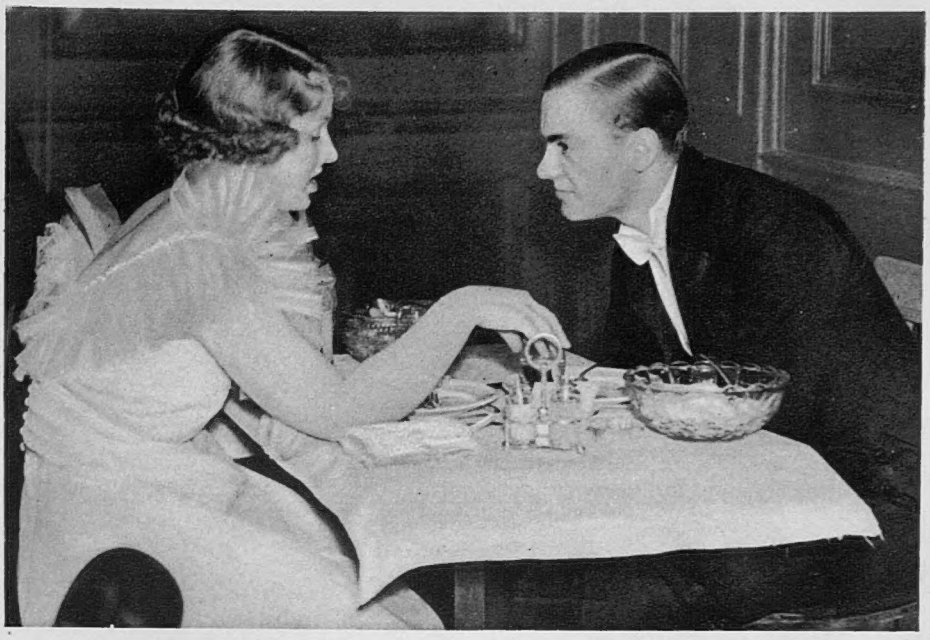
An International Clientèle

Mme. Prunier hit on a happy idea when she gave away silver sugar-tongs made in the form of lobster claws which nip a lump of sugar in a grip of iron.

Lunching or dining in her restaurant, we are always impressed by the international aspect of the clientèle : the smartness of the French and American women, the unmistakable clothes and accents of the men who belong to the latter, the somewhat " bewildered tourist " air of well-to-do Dutch and American customers. You hear more different languages around you there than in any other restaurant in London.

Enough to Go on With

One evening just before Christmas, at Quaglino's, we encountered Mr. Geoffrey Toye with Mrs. Fleitmann and Mrs. Mary Booker, who has one of the most lovely faces you will ever see. A pale skin, hazel eyes set in at an upward slant, curly iron-grey hair and a perfect mouth are enough to go on with among masses of ordinarily good-looking and plain faces. Mr. Toye has just done a quick trip to



Miss Helen Perrott and Lord Maitland

These two were having supper together at the Lauderdale Hunt Ball, which was held just before Christmas at Thirlestane Castle, which belongs to Lord Maitland's father, the Earl of Lauderdale

Farewell Cocktail-Party Before a Round-the-World Trip

The hostess, Mrs. Terence Skeffington-Smythe, holding the bunch of lilies, is talking to Miss Silverthorne and Mrs. Charles Cartwright. Mrs. Skeffington-Smythe was Isobel McLean before her marriage last year ; her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Loudon McLean

" Charlie," London's favourite Austrian compère, and Helen Lady Adare were both at the farewell party the Skeffington-Smythes gave before they left to go round the world ; their round is planned to include the South Sea Islands and China as well as the usual route calls

First Night In Manchester

Left: Miss Gertrude Lawrence and Mr. Cecil Beaton were at the "Follow the Sun" first night in Manchester. Gertrude Lawrence's daughter, Pamela Howley, made her stage début in the new Cochran revue

Right: Mrs. Walter Chrysler and her son, Walter Chrysler, Junior, were at the opening of the fifty-first season of opera at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York

Below: Mr. Marshall Field and his daughter, Barbara, and Mr. Hugh Chisholm, Junior, of New York, watched "La Traviata" from the stalls at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Edward Johnson has taken over the managership and already his régime has been hailed as a "new era" in American opera

First Night In New York

New York, and has doubtless numerous schemes up his sleeve for repeating last season's success at Covent Garden.

Off to Monte Carlo

MRS. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT gave a party in Curzon Street on Christmas Eve, and imported the Ritz cabaret for the night. Indefatigable Charlie is off to the Sporting Club in Monte Carlo for three months, and will be much missed here. He is a charming person, with an infectious gaiety and the best hands we have ever seen on a man.

Thelma Lady Furness was there that night in a lovely white dress embroidered with diamanté, and looking more attractive, if possible, than ever. She gave a small dinner-party herself on Christmas night at her house in St. John's Wood. She is an expert with her needle and does the most marvellous quilting and petit point, things that prove her immense patience and good eyesight.

A Loyal Lump in the Throat

SPENDING Christmas in London, we find, is quiet, comfortable and very peaceful. You become rather a Shirley Temple and go to children's parties, the Circus and the Pantomime.

The mild, wet weather must have meant good going in the Shires; going out and on in London was extremely difficult and unpleasant, with only a stray cat and an odd taxi crawling along the streets.

On Christmas Day Mrs. Woolley Hart gave her enormous luncheon-party. We heard the King's Christmas Message there, and got the usual loyal lump in our throat at his reference to "my people."

Holiday Views

SEEN around and about during the holidays: Lord and Lady Plunket, taking their sons to the Circus; that little "charmer," Miss Eliza Maugham, exquisitely coiffured and wearing a nice fur coat, dining with Mr. Paravacini; Messrs. Bob Lebus and Peter Stewart, at Drury Lane pantomime with a so-called lady journalist; tall, blonde Mrs. Inglis Jones, in a divine beige and brown suit, cocktailing at the Ritz before lunch.

In the Stalls at New York's Covent Garden

A Future Star?

WE had one pleasant surprise during a fog-bound, ice-cold journey to Manchester last Monday week, when we found Miss Gertrude Lawrence on the train. She was travelling up, as we were, for the opening night of Cochran's new revue, an event of very special interest to her, as her fifteen-year-old daughter, Pamela Howley, was making her stage début.

Her mother told us that, until a sudden attack of stage fever came on, she had journalistic and poetical yearnings, but a successful onslaught on a Cochran audition gave her other ideas. Miss Lawrence was spending Christmas at the Midland Hotel, to be with her starlet daughter. Another devoted mother who left her own fireside for the same reason was Mrs. Dudley Ward, who travelled to Liverpool, where her daughter Penelope is gaining valuable experience in the local Repertory Theatre, and is to be there until March.

Oh, Those Cubans!

AT Manchester our train was over two hours late, and we had only just time to dress and rush dinnerless to the new show, *Follow the Sun*. What a showman C.B. is. Those Cubans! Where did he find them? Such colour, rhythm and unforgettable dancing! It was little use to put on ordinary dancers afterwards, except Claire Luce, who again excels herself, and who, in our humble opinion, has outstanding personality under any circumstances.

Very Young and Amusing

IN the audience and at the Midland, both before and after the show, we saw Mr. Cecil Beaton, on his way to Vaynol for Christmas; Mr. Peter Watson, who returned on the midnight train, and who we noticed in a drizzling dawn at Euston; Mr. Lionel and Lady Helen Berry. He is the eldest of Sir Gomer's sons and works hard up there in the newspaper business. Lady Georgina Hay, his sister-in-law, was in their party, quite young and very amusing. She had gone specially to see yet another stage debutante, Miss Sarah Churchill, who is a great friend of hers.

Happy Leap Year

A VERY happy and prosperous New Year to you all. It 's Leap Year, anyway, so that should mean a chance for a shy man to say yes and a bold brave girl to pop the question. We wonder if more marriages do take place in Leap Year than any other; a census would be interesting.

MISS PEEPS

London Parties

Before Christmas

This Was at the Blue Bird Ball

Lord and Lady Harcourt were both at the Ball, and Katharine, Duchess of Westminster, was the Chairman of it. She is the present Duke's step-mother. The Ball was held at the Dorchester in aid of the Belgrave Hospital for Children

Sausage for an Actress

Miss Jessica Tandy (with the sausage) was joint-hostess with Harold Warrender at an "Anthony and Anna" cocktail-party at the Whitehall Theatre. Talking to her is Lady Warrender, sister-in-law of her co-host

Charity Dance Partnership

Lady Plunket and Mr. Robert Helpmann did an exhibition dance together at the Silver Rose Ball in aid of the National Society of Day Nurseries, one of the last pre-Christmas charity dates. Robert Helpmann is a Sadler's Wells premier danseur, and had danced the night before with Margot Fonteyn in the first performance there this season of "Le Lac des Cygnes"

Mr. Bertram Mills' Circus Lunch

Above: Lady Portarlington, Lord Westmorland and Lady Queensberry went to the enormous lunch at Olympia which Bertram Mills gave as usual before the opening show of his Circus

Right: Lady Patricia Latham and Mrs. Leo Amery were at the Ice Club Christmas Gala. Lady Patricia Latham and her M.P. husband had a big Christmas party at Hurstmonceaux

Ice Indoors

Pantomime Dame

Nellie Wallace in "Sleeping Beauty," at the Vaudeville Theatre

THE alternative title to André Charlot's first pantomime is *What a Witch!* and when one realises that the lady in question is none other than Miss Wallace herself, it 's not difficult to appreciate that there is humour in plenty in the "different" pantomime. Whether she is appearing as an anything but blushing bride, a demonstrator of adjustable spinning-wheels, or any of the other rôles she enacts, her marvellous sense of fun, her terrific vitality and the sureness of touch which she imparts to all her work stamp her as one of the greatest comics of the day

Photographs by Anthony

"After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of Celebrities in Cameo

No. 1. Miss Dodie Smith

DOROTHY GLADYS SMITH, alias C. L. Antony, alias Dodie Smith, is quite our smallest dramatist, being barely five feet one. Born in Lancashire and brought up in a household of eight grown-ups (her grandfather, grandmother, three uncles, two aunts, and her mother), she went to St. Paul's Girls' School at the age of twelve. It was with the greatest misgivings that the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art allowed her to enter their portals—and with some justification. Only twice in her seven years on the stage did Dodie Smith ever last out the run of a play. Usually they sacked her within a month of the opening night. At that she only once reached the point where she acted in London—as opposed to the provinces. This was when she walked on in *When Knights Were Bold*, at the Kingsway. On another occasion she recalls a mild brawl with Evelyn Laye as to which of them should have her name above the other's in the dressing-room when *Mr. Wu* was on tour. Finally Dodie Smith won because she was getting five bob a week more.

THERE being limits to the greatest optimism, Dodie Smith finally ceased being able to fool herself into the belief that her various dismissals were solely due to the jealousy of the managers' wives. Besides, she had exactly one pound left in the suit-case in her bedroom over her bakery, which was so hot that you could dry your clothes on one wall, and so high up that the beetles never climbed far enough to reach the door. So she called on Sir Ambrose Heal, in Tottenham Court Road, and that charming collector of eighteenth-century tradesmen's business cards gave her a temporary job in the Little Gallery selling pictures at his store. At this Dodie Smith proved such a success that she was kept on as a permanent employee and her salary raised well above the £3-a-week level. So passed seven years, in the course of which she went to Leipzig to buy for the firm at the Fair. A week's holiday in the Tyrol followed. Six months later she began to write a play in her bed-sitter in the Marylebone Road. So tired was she that she frequently fell asleep as she scrawled the dialogue in pencil by candlelight. Well, that was *Autumn Crocus*. Then came *Service* and *Touchwood*, and now *Call It a Day*, at the Globe. She has probably averaged twelve thousand pounds out of each of the first three. *Call It a Day* will probably raise it.

TO-DAY she lives in a flat on the top floor of Rossmore Court, off Regent's Park, with Pongo, her Dalmatian, as company. Happily, she has abandoned that rather terrible mediæval-page coiffure, and now looks charming and animated. Her hobbies include going to all available first-nights. Her dislikes are old taxicabs, inefficient shop-girls, blotting-paper and the English winter. Her affections are mountain scenery and reading the newspaper in her bath. She has no affectations, but, when very happy, dances round the room like any small girl, with her mouth and hands open. She calls it the cod-fish dance. When angry she shouts. When working she has to be utterly alone. Dodie Smith has no bump of locality, no idea of punctuality, no card-sense, and no memory for faces, but she has a great sense of humour and writes dashed good plays, so why should *she* worry?

CHARLES GAY

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

Gems from the Wallace Collection

"Sleeping Beauty; or, What a Witch!" (Vaudeville Theatre)

Sketches by Rouson

Carabosse (Nellie Wallace) is a witch who puts a lot of snap into her work

André Charlot obviously does not fear to defy pantomime tradition. Not only did he produce his *Sleeping Beauty* nearly a fortnight before Boxing Day, but when he did do so he made it quite clear that here is an entertainment as different from the ordinary pantomime as Eric Coates's *London Suite* is from the average "hot" jazz number. For one thing, this pantomime sticks very closely to the original story, and the action is not held up while a couple of specially imported comedians do their ordinary music-hall act, or a massive principal boy sings of the charms of that part of the U.S.A. which lies south of the Mason-Dixie line.

Topical touches are there in plenty, but they are used as the means of carrying on the action rather than of impeding it, and as such are not only justified, but welcome. One could excuse a Charlot production for being a little satirical at the expense of the pantomime of tradition, but here there is no attempt at being clever-clever. Indeed, I am prepared to bet that this production, with its artistry, its gaiety, and its lightness of touch, will appeal to most kiddies more than the most lavishly produced old-fashioned pantomime ever could.

Nellie Wallace, as the Witch who causes more than a spot of trouble for the unfortunate Princess, has never been in such good form. One might expect her to appeal more to grown-ups than to children, but actually she has the happy knack of keeping the latter roaring with laughter. Although it may be only the more sophisticated members of the audience who can fully appreciate all the finer touches in her impersonations of a lady-demonstrator of easily assembled spinning-wheels, a devastatingly exclusive dressmaker firmly persuading a luckless client to commission the most impossible of gowns, or a hearty, tweedy dowager relating her shooting misadventures, her delightful sense of broad comedy permeates every character-study. She is the Wall-Ace of the Vaudeville pack.

Princess Beauty (Nancy Burne) and Prince Florizel (Patrick Waddington) forming a mutual admiration society of two

King Theobald (Bert Coote) and King Hildebrand (George Benson) are beneath the notice of Queen Magnolia (Phyllis Stanley)

Instead of a principal boy, there is a leading man, Patrick Waddington, who, as Prince Florizel, invests the part with a naturalness and jollity which are absolutely in keeping with the spirit of the book as written by Desmond Carter and Robert Nesbitt, and the music as composed by Dennis Van Thal. Gertrude Musgrove, who won her spurs in *Stop . . . Go!*, is excellent as Queen Arabella, the consort of the King Hildebrand of George Benson, and both bring a keen sense of comedy to their jobs. Bert Coote, as yet another King, is as petulantly mournful as ever; Nancy Burne makes an attractive principal girl, and Peggy Rawlings, as the good fairy, who makes most of her entrances sitting on a sort of fairy (but not fiery) chariot in a position that makes one wonder why no one shouts "Whip behind, cabby!" is the first pantomime Immortal to introduce a sense of humour to the part.

Yes, Mr. Charlot has certainly scored heavily with his *Sleeping Beauty*, which is far too polished, artistic, and entertaining to be a mere flash-in-the-Panto-mime. What a pity that its run—unlike its excellence—is limited!

Lili Palmer–

Film Star To Be

Lili Palmer's star-ladder is at the moment set up against an English wall—two walls, in fact, for she's got a part in Hitchcock's "Secret Agent" in the top-step company of John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, and Madeleine Carroll, and is also heroine opposite Claude Hulbert in a comedy melodrama called "Wolf's Clothing," which is also in production. Lili Palmer is another of Vienna's gifts to the world, was born in a night-express between there and Berlin in May, 1914; her surgeon father started her training for a doctor, but her actress mother won and she went to theatre school and into repertory, and got her first stage engagement because she could stand on her head. Her first trip to England she made at fourteen alone; she came back again to make her film début in "Crime Unlimited." Then she was co-featured with John Mills in "Bad Blood," and now everyone thinks she's such a good little actress it's only a matter of time before she has a star status of her own

Two Lovely Young-Marrieds

Mrs. Peter Smith-Dorrien And Mrs. David Heneage

Mrs. Peter Smith-Dorrien

Mrs. Peter Smith-Dorrien was Bridget Liddell before she married in 1931, and is the daughter of Sir Frederick and Lady Liddell; her father is Counsel to the Speaker of the House of Commons. Her husband is a son of the late General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien. She works in a hat-shop nowadays, and likes it; days off she generally spends racing

Below: *Mrs. David Heneage*

Mrs. David Heneage comes from Somerset; her father, the late Ben Trevilian, was a member of the family well known around Taunton. She married about six years ago and has two small attractive sons, Simon and Timothy. Her husband used to be in the Grenadiers and has turned himself into a very successful man of business since he gave up being a soldier

Photograph by Cannons of Hollywood, Dover Street

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

COMPLACENTLY we drift into this bleak new year, filled with the warmest, cosiest, pinkest thoughts imaginable. Would you like to face 1936 with the same ease and comfort? Fix your minds, as we 're doing, on the Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir, who have been touring Belgium, Holland and Germany recently singing "songs of peace," thereby welding the distracted nations into one sweet bond of fellowship according to their expressed determination. We happened to be on the platform when their train left for Flushing. Buxom, bouncing girls they are, with splendid voices, all wearing Welsh stage costume, and they sing beautifully—though, perhaps, all the music (as we need hardly remind any lover of Welsh culture) won't be terribly first-class. That incidentally raises an interesting point. If a really sniffy music critic like, say, Ernest Newman, happened to be in rather bloodthirsty mood and the Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir came and sang him songs of peace by such famous musicians as Jones, Thomas, Jenkins, Owen, and Lloyd, would he instantly sheathe the sword and melt into tears? Or would the Royal Welsh Ladies be seen a little later leaping to cover like the goats on their native hills? We followed their recent tour, at any rate, with anxious sympathy. It 's a great and truly Welsh idea, singing Europe into peace, and we 've only one mild criticism to make. They ought to have taken Mr. Lloyd George along as a solo turn to sing a few native hymns in his well-known tremolo. That would make even a Prussian sergeant-major cry.

Jobson! Our Euclid!

WE 'VE no quarrel whatsoever with our old maestro James ("Boss") Agate for recently choosing Boswell's *Life of Johnson* as the only book in the world he 'd like to be wrecked on a desert island with. It would be our own semi-final choice, among three others. What we do take the liberty of observing to the Boss is that Dr. Johnson himself would have roared him down. During the Hebrides tour Johnson carried a book about with him which he ultimately presented to a young girl in Glenmorison. It was *Cocker's Arithmetic*, and when Boswell, nosey as ever, wanted to know the reason for this singular choice, the Doctor shut him up instantly. "Why, Sir, when you have read through a book of entertainment you know it, and it can do no more for you; but a book of science is inexhaustible." For travellers who can bear mathematics this is obviously sound advice. We know a pretty eminent one who spends his leisure hours at sea trying to trisect the plane angle, a problem which, they tell us, is nearly as hellish as trying to square the circle. We wouldn't know anything about this, but it does seem to us that a dainty Euclid would make a wedding present out of the common. Gilt-edged and bound in mellow parchment or white leather, stamped and embossed with a design of gilt Cupids and true lovers'-knots, it might prove invaluable on almost any honeymoon. A Euclid would be much more tactful, in any case, as a wedding present than some we 've encountered lately—among them an expensive edition of the *Meditations* of the boob Marcus Aurelius, who was driven to compose his collection of bromides by the goings-on of his wife Faustina, who, with great zest and consummate ease, rendered him, as the French say, "un de plus"—one more of 'em. What a thing to give a new husband!

The No-Binge Boys

DEAR old Uncle George Lansbury, so kind and oh! so really good—like Lady Mary Flood in the cautionary tale of Augustus Horne—has set himself a tougher job than converting the world to Geneva this time. He wants to get every Labour M.P. to promise to be a good boy and abstain from intoxicating liquor while the House is in session. Bearing in mind that the Palace of Westminster is the only place in the country where you can buy a drink at any time, day or night, we think Uncle George has taken something on. We 've had a drink or two there ourselves at odd hours, and heard the People's Chosen making cynical cracks about the mutts outside; and, as everybody knows, those M.P.s who are most eager to cut down the present meagre drinking facilities enjoyed by the said mutts are devilish careful never to mention their own bowsing-ken. What hopes Uncle George thinks he has we couldn't say. Everybody likes him, however, even those who wish he 'd use his head a little oftener and give his kind heart a rest. Actually, his proposal is vicious. It 's morally as wrong for the ordinary person to abstain on "principle" from drinking as it is to overdo it, and the Lansburys and Lady Astors of this world ought to know better than presume to dictate to their Creator, who made the hop and the grape to comfort mankind. Moderation, of course, is the secret. We admit it 's not so easy in climates like ours. The soberest people on earth, alcoholically speaking, are the

"Yes, mum, it does look like a shark. It is a shark"

Latins, who have so much natural high spirits that they can get wildly merry on a couple of glasses of wine-and-water. We 've seen 'em doing it at fairs in Provence. Strong sunshine, natural vivacity, and an inbred distaste for drunkenness are the obvious explanation. Perhaps if we ourselves had kept up the grape industry started by the Romans we might have been a soberer and more sensible people to-day. Who knows ?

This concludes our address this week on true temperance. Hymn 65 in the little red books will follow immediately. Everybody sing, please :

Saps who keep on swilling water
Ought to know they didn't oughter.

Fashion Note

BECAUSE women's modes change so frequently, the Great Western Railway are apparently now in the habit of revising the photographic views in their carriages every year. We gather this from their house-magazine, and we think it 's misdirected zeal. Nothing was pleasanter than those photographs of the citizens of 1890 on the front at Torquay or Grwynnogrwgrw : the floppy hats, the flowing starched skirts, the gents' boaters, the mustachios, the plain, dull faces were all " period " and had all the faded charm of their tranquil age. We used, when travelling, to make up stories about them, some pretty scandalous. There was one flowing, opulent lady we christened Miss P. Goucher, picked up by a bowler-hatted gentleman we named H. Follicks Cheeseworth on the parade at Weston-super-Mare, and what that poor girl's adventures were was nobody's business, Mr. Cheeseworth turning out to be a haberdasher, a sidesman, and ultimately a cannibal. (He ate her in Rhyl.) You can't make up romances about modern figures. The costume 's wrong.

Dirt-Spilling Dept.

REFUSING to apologise for a lot of Ministry of Agriculture bullocks exhibited at the Smithfield Fat Stock Show and described by an official as " a disgrace," Mr. Walter Elliot made an interesting riposte. " Some day," he said defiantly, " I will have a show consisting of nothing but bad beasts, to demonstrate the sort of thing from which people should keep away." In doing which—if you 'll forgive our licentious giggles—Mr. Elliot would only be doing what the Royal Academy has been doing for a hundred years, what ? Very few people seem to know this has been their intention. One or two we 've told in secret have recoiled with cries of pure amazement. Obviously the next Academy catalogue needs a few official notes to make this matter clear even to the dullest art-lover. Example :

467. Sunset, Carbis Bay
Wallaby Slipe, R.A.
*** *About the lousiest of its kind we 've struck this year. Don't stop.*

468. Major-Gen. Sir Rollo Grunt, K.C.B. - Paul Chokesmith.
*** *Chokesmith gets worse and worse. Hit him if you see him. We do.*

469. Daydreams
Effie Bollings
*** *You 'll admit Effie twirls a pretty wicked brush. Look at the thingumbob on the left, and that piefaced woman in green ! Ouch !*

470. Fishing Boats, Concarneau.
G. H. Dingbatt, R.I.
*** *Nerve, eh ? Just pure nerve ! All right, Dingbatt !*

And so forth, enabling the art-loving public as a whole to grasp what many people grasped long ago.

Seadog

FANTASTIC as it was for the Majorca magistrates to sentence Captain Kane to three years—reduced later to six months—for alleged assault on a plain-clothes policeman, we 're sorry to say a good bit of our genuine sympathy vanished instantly down the drain on the captain's release the other day. For what do you think he did ? In the presence of the *Daily Express* boy (who had already noted happily that he looked like Drake) the gallant master-mariner flung up his arms and—" almost at the top of his voice "—recited a verse of Kipling. If that doesn't make you feel as hot and damp and

THE PRESS-GANG

No. 8.—" Old Moore's Almanack "

OUR Mr. Moore is not the one to seek
The shelter of a " hedge " when he would speak
Of things that lie in store, and not for him
The " ifs " and " buts " that stigmatise the weak.

And so we find that he will prophesy
Full boldly and display a courage high
When dealing with those spots of trouble or
Delights that wait us in the by-and-by.

Age cannot wither nor can custom stale
The zest with which he tells his moving tale
To those who hope (for very little cash)
To rend aside the future's shrouding veil.

With confidence sublime he will dilate
On all the joys and sorrows which await
Us in the new-born year to make us bless
Or call down hearty curses upon Fate

To him the future is no close-shut book
Which mortals cannot ope by hook or crook—
Indeed, his divinations " fairly takes
Your breath away," according to our cook

If I could follow in the self-same track,
I might amass a tidy little stack
Of cash, but such a thing is not to be
For I 've not got the Old Moore's Almanack.

B. W.

NICOLAS BENTLEY

" So sorry — I 'm afraid I slipped my foot under yours ! "

fringling as it does us, we don't think we can ever explain our position to you. It 's just a kind of prickly heat which seizes us when people recite (*a*) anything, and still more (*b*) Kipling, whether the reciter be a husky master-mariner or a dear little girl all over spots. Maybe Captain Kane did it exclusively for *Daily Express* readers, who 'd naturally think it was something from the Bible, for no other paper seemed to have this bit of rhetoric. "*I 'd sell my tired soul,*" roared the Captain, "*for the bucking beam-sea roll Of a black Bilbao tramp. With her loadline over the hatch, dear lass,*" etc., etc. It 's all very well to put this down to sheer nervous relief, but there 's far too much reciting about. Suppose—just suppose—every newly-released financier struck an attitude outside Dartmoor and began declaiming *If* ! The news-reel boys would soon put a stopper on that, thank Heaven !

Is It Cricket ?

CONNOISSEURS of Awkward Moments are still, we find, highly appreciative of Sir J. Walker-Smith's brief speech at a recent luncheon—or was it a dinner ? The usual flood of sweet oratorical insincerities had been under way some little time when Sir J. Walker-Smith got up and remarked that railway food in this country is terrible. As there were railway officials present, this was a perfect Awkward Moment, because in this island you must never traffic in realities, which only hurt and shock. Everybody present was very pained, the chairman reeled in his seat, and order was restored very hurriedly after the first surprise was over. We remember an almost-as-good Awkward Moment some years ago during a debate over a dreary highbrow play. The impresario concerned gathered half-a-dozen unwilling literary notabilities on the stage one afternoon for publicity purposes to discuss it, seats being free. Four or five of the speakers had had their turn, each dwelling on the noble and uplifting ethical character of this important play, when the sixth got up and said it was just lousy. (That wasn't the word he used, but it 's as near as we can remember.) He spoke the plain truth. The play was pretentious, boring, and of no value whatsoever. The audience, mainly women, froze with horror, the speaker sat down, there was a hushed pause, and the chairman tactfully wound up the meeting. That was a really delightful Awkward Moment. We haven't mentioned any of the names concerned, because it wouldn't be Good Form. Take it from us that the speaker who bust up the rosy atmosphere of flafla and flubdub was the only one of the lot worth listening to.

Tradesmen's Entrance

EVEN up to the eve of the war, if we 're not mistaken, this *Times* Agony Column ad. would have caused a mild sensation :

Foreign Titled Gentleman of Royal House will consider the representation in France of English Firms of Good Standing.

In its way that 's social history, that was. We 're just old enough to remember the amusing novelty of a situation in Monckton Hoffe's charming play, *The Little Damozel*, in which a member of the upper classes announced that he was going into the insurance business. Everybody thought it rather daring. About that time one or two peeresses were snaffling stray bits of graft from Mayfair tradesmen, but it was only mentioned under one's breath. We also remember the days when the automobile and wine trades were the only ones possible for a gentleman. Nowadays trade of every kind is cluttered with the younger sons of peers, minor Royalties shamelessly advertise soap and face-creams, and nobody gives a damn. But we imagine no member of a Royal House has ever advertised himself openly as an agent before. The editor of the *Almanach de Gotha* must be being terribly wounded about it at this moment.

THE BYSTANDERS.

"Don't keep following me about !"

"Steady, madam ; I was wearing that"

• FILMS of the DAY

By GEORGE CAMPBELL

Mr. Martin (Eugene Pallette), the American millionaire, succumbs to the blandishments—and usquebaugh—of the impoverished laird, Donald Glourie (Robert Donat), who is trying to sell his castle, in a scene from "The Ghost Goes West"

"The Ghost Goes West"

Mrs. Macniff, the caretaker of the castle (Elliot Mason), instructs Peggy Martin (Jean Parker), the millionaire's daughter, in the way to use a warming-pan, in another scene from "The Ghost Goes West." René Clair has scored a great triumph with this really amusing picture, which is in residence at the Leicester Square Theatre

SALUTE to Robert Donat! Vive René Clair! And, while we are about it, a couple of banzais for Alex Korda! Between them they have turned out the best film comedy ever made in this country—a witty satire on Scots and Americans, business men and ghosts.

I mean, of course, *The Ghost Goes West*, the unveiling of which was something of a social event, thanks to the presence of the Queen and the sort of company that may be described (if you will forgive the cliché) as distinguished. I never read the short story on which the picture is based. If my experience of film studios goes for anything it has probably undergone plenty of soleing and heeling before reaching the shooting stage, not to mention the slabs actually shot and left for dead on the cutting-room floor. Be this as it may, the scenario has been prepared by Robert E. Sherwood with wit and a sense of style, and if there are any bad blunders of any kind, the notoriously jaundiced eye of this critic failed to detect them.

THE story is an odd mixture of satire, sex and sentiment; which means that if the satire doesn't click at the box-office Mr. Korda has a couple more shots in the locker. A handsome young Scot in 1745 is busy philandering in the fields—and, incidentally, his technique with a guessing game will come as a blessing to thousands of youths rather stumped for an opening gambit—when he should be fighting the English. When he does reach the front he has to neglect the English for the more important feud with the McLaggans; a cannon-ball inopportunely removes all of him but his bonnet, and his father is so incensed about the whole business that he condemns the poor lad's ghost to haunt the castle until such time as he can revenge the family honour on the hated McLaggan clan.

Enter an American girl (Jean Parker) and her go-getter father, admirably played by Eugene Pallette. They buy the castle and transport it, stone by stone and panel by panel, to Florida; and, of course, the poor homeless ghost has to tag along. There is some good fun on the boat; still more fun when the poor ghost is introduced to gangsters and other amenities of modern American life.

M. CLAIR, wittiest of satirists, has seen to it that the castle is duly improved in its Florida setting. "I never would have believed it could be made so nice and new," remarks the millionaire grocer's wife with gratification; and it is pleasing to see the good man's delight at the armour fitted with knobs which, on being twirled, give forth the strains of Mr. Whiteman, and the natty electrical equipment—specially constructed in Connecticut—which provides new lamps for old. Mr. Eugene Pallette, always a racy, vigorous performer, is at his best in these sequences, where he is seen enjoying his new domain, complete with the canal and gondola added (he modestly explains) as a little European touch.

THE acting all through is magnificent—the best, I think, I have ever seen in a British picture. Robert Donat is superbly accomplished and superbly handsome as the ghost and his descendant; Jean Parker, whose nasal voice is ordinarily not very attractive, agreeably surprised me with a performance full of charm; Mr. Pallette could not possibly have been bettered as the American millionaire; and it seems ungrateful not to mention a dozen others who give first-rate support. Also to Mr. Sherwood (you remember his *Waterloo Bridge* and *Road to Rome*?), Ned Mann (the tricks expert), Harold Rosson (the photographer), and Vincent Korda (art director) my grateful thanks for a difficult job expertly done. If you think it's easy to build a convincing Scottish castle in a studio, and make a ghost pass through solid walls, all I can say is, just try it on your home projector.

THE week also brought George Arliss in *The Guv'nor*—the première in aid of the Personal Service League; and Basil Dean's period piece, *Mr. Midshipman Easy*. *The Guv'nor* has an amusing central idea. A tramp called Rothschild is offered a directorship on the board of a company in difficulties: his magic name revives confidence in the City, and the business pulls through. This is the sort of thing Mr. Arliss can take in his stride, and no doubt came as a pleasant relaxation after the other Rothschild, Richelieu, Hamilton, Wellington, old Uncle Disraeli and all.

DO people ever read Marryat these days? I doubt it. I did, in my youth; but then, I am so old that I read Henty and Kingston and Ballantyne and Jules Verne, all of them completely unknown to boys of to-day. Alack and well-a-day! Not that it really matters, of course. And I only mention the fact because I personally found *Mr. Midshipman Easy* good, simple entertainment—but cannot prophesy how it will go down with people to whom poor Marryat is not even a name.

Under Hitler . . .

Three Nazi Leaders

No. 3. Hermann Goering

PRESIDENT of the Reichstag, President of the Prussian Government, Air Minister, and "big bad wolf" of the Nazi Right Wing, Hermann Goering is still only forty-two. Since 1912, when he became a soldier, he's been on extremely active service. In the war he joined the Air Force, became a fine pilot, and reached the top of that tree when he succeeded to the command of the Richthofen Squadron in 1918, and won the highest war decoration. Republicanism never suited his tastes, so he chose the National-Socialist alternative, took part and was wounded in the 1923 Putsch, after that had to leave Germany for four years, but returned in 1927 to continue his work as a leading organiser of the Party. He became President of the Reichstag in 1932, the big end of the wedge that broke open Hitler's way to power. As Air Minister he has been responsible for the re-creation and reorganisation of the German Air Force. Also for the design of a uniform or two, including, naturally, his own

Photographs by Schall of Paris

"Then That Leaves Nothing But the Ikon"

Prince Mikail Alexandrovitch Ouratieff faces the stern fact that he and his Archduchess wife have nothing but an ikon, a sword, a flag, and four untouchable billions of francs

Right:

"What's Happened to What Used to be the Tail?"

Rebuke to the Archduchess, who has cut off the tail of her husband's shirt to make him some handkerchiefs

"Good God, Have You Got a Wooden Leg?"
The Prince-butler looks for his new master's shoe with his only luggage (his sword) inside his trouser-leg

"Not a Billion . . . Not a Sou!"

Cedric Hardwicke and Eugénie Leontovich as the Gallant Exiles of *Tovarich*

IT'S hard to remember a more entertaining, better acted comedy than this *Tovarich*, which, after eight months of life, continues to be one of the most popular plays in London. Every minute of it is fun, and sometimes nearly the fun of a farce—except for that brief scene towards the end that's turned to something more moving than comedy by the sincerity and dignity of the two Russian exiles and their opponent, the Commissar (Francis L. Sullivan). Eugénie Leontovich impresses always with the great natural dignity that goes hand in hand with her delicious wit and inconsequent Russian gaiety. Hardwicke takes his part as a hand takes a glove; he makes every absurdity more absurd by the solemnity with which he regards—or disregards—his superb sense of humour. The English version of Jacques Deval's play is by Robert Sherwood; the same light touch that gave his translation of *Reunion in Vienna* its quality has given the *Tovarich* dialogue its amusing originalities

Photographs by John Everard

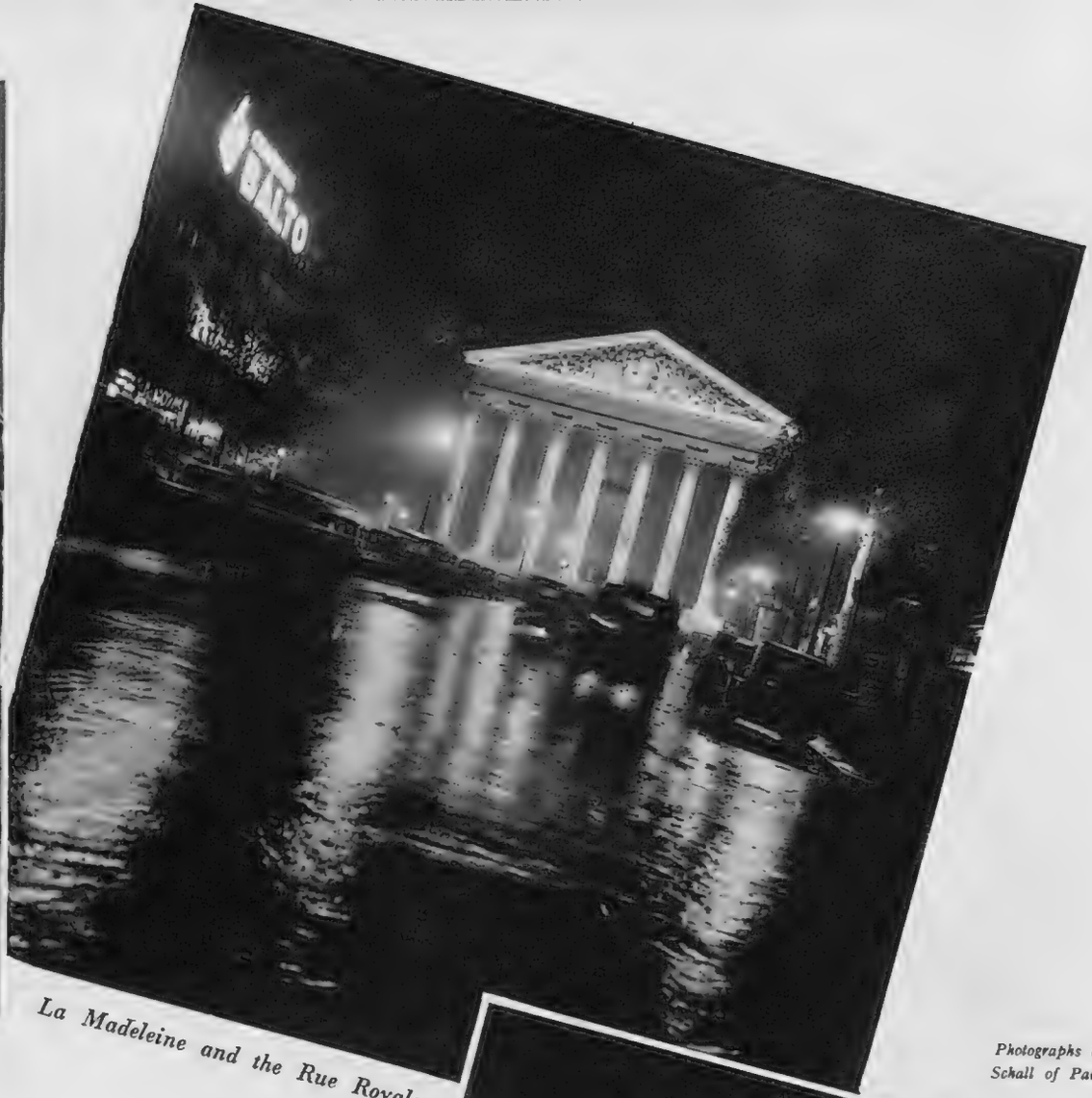
"There are tears in your eyes, Tatiana"
"They are the reflection of yours, my pigeon"

Place Richelieu Drouot

Montmartre—the Sacré Cœur

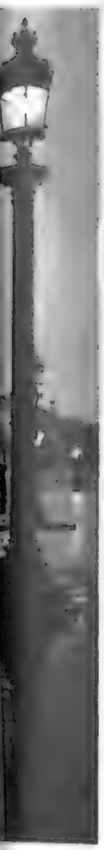
Place de la Concorde—the Floodlit Obélisque

Place de la Concorde—Rainfall at Dusk



La Madeleine and the Rue Royale

Photographs by Schall of Paris



Night Over Paris . . .

Floodlit Reflections On a Magic City

WE haven't got used to London in its new rôle of world's gayest city—that always should be Paris's name. The air is clearer, the lights are brighter, the cafés are open as long as you want, even the rain is more poignant there. From the English angle it's a town of shops and terrifying traffic by day, but by night a town to eat and drink and make love in, a city of pleasure, of romance, of beauty—a wish fulfilment for those who lead their prosaic everyday lives somewhere else

Place Blanche—the Moulin Rouge

After the wreck of the Pandora: Captain Bligh (Charles Laughton) has only a party of survivors and an open boat to command

Franchot Tone as Roger Byam, a young sailor, and Maria as Movita, the Tahitan girl he marries

"Mutiny on the Bounty"

Charles Laughton and Clark Gable as Eighteenth-Century Seamen in the Film at the Empire

MUTINY on the Bounty, the much-talked-of film that M.-G.-M. have made of the story of the infamous Captain Bligh and his ship, started its run at the Empire on Boxing Day. Of all the horrific sadistic parts Laughton has played in his career, this is his most terrifying creation, a merciless picture of brutality. Clark Gable, as always, makes a fine upstanding and handsome hero, and Franchot Tone is good as hero Number Two. There are two lovely Hawaiian girls to pair off with them: Mamo Clark from Honolulu for Clark Gable, and Maria as Franchot Tone's girl friend. Mamo Clark, incidentally, has already shaken the studio dust off her feet and gone back to the University of South California to learn to be a lawyer. The film is directed by Frank Lloyd, whose work is best remembered in *Cavalcade* and *The Sea Hawk*

Left: Clark Gable plays the mutineer hero, Fletcher Christian, to Charles Laughton's villainous Captain Bligh. Christian is master's mate on the Bounty and first restrains and finally leads the mutinous seamen, takes over the Bounty, and sails away back to Tahiti

Below: Bligh, the brutally cruel master of the Bounty, finds himself at last in the power of the men he'd ill-treated so long. Christian, the mate, tries to hold the mutineers and their leader (Donald Crisp) in check

The Mutineer and the Captain

Howard Coster

"Décor by Motley"

To the theatregoer who looks in his programme to see who "did" the décor and dresses, the name "Motley" means, as a rule, two things—three women, and "Richard of Bordeaux." Well, here the three women are, and their names are Miss Elizabeth Montgomery and Miss Sophia and Miss Peggy Harris. They worked at the same art school, discovered a common interest in and view-point on theatre and costume design, and about six years ago formed themselves into a partnership to put their theories and conceptions into practise. With their décor and dresses for "Richard of Bordeaux," they made their first big impression on the public; with "Hamlet," "Noah," and "Romeo and Juliet" it has become increasingly apparent that "Motley" conceals the identity of designers of extraordinary taste and imaginative integrity. Their work is an example of the most complete collaboration, every part of every whole being a joint effort. They have done some work for the films, and also for ballet at Sadler's Wells, and for the Markova-Dolin Company. They are joining Michel St. Denis in his London Theatre Studio—both in the school and as designers for his dramatic productions

"Bystander" Short Story No. 18

Interlude

By Lesley Storm

Illustrated by Alfred Sindall

"I let her have it in the only language I knew, and told her to get to hell out of here—but she only gave a laugh"

MUCH as I dislike using the first personal pronoun in print I feel I must begin this with a testimony. I am not interested in, nor inquisitive about, the occult. Yogis might be akin to Yahoos for all I know. My knowledge of Black Magic goes no farther than what I have read casually in the press about Aleister Crowley, and a book on Haïti which someone once lent me. And I am not more than averagely credulous.

I have told this story to four people. Only one has believed it. The other three thought it was a good piece of fiction. I myself believed it when it was told me by Hudson a year ago, and I do still. My belief was founded chiefly on his simple, direct, rather apologetic way of telling it, without frills or an eye to effect, and subordinately on the fact that he is a soldier whose imagination has never been encouraged. I don't think—and I hope he will forgive me—that he could have concocted it.

Where Kensington becomes Chelsea there is a little hostelry which belies the suggestion that never the twain shall meet. Military gentlemen rub shoulders with bearded young men and don't seem to mind them. It was there one night that I went in to beg a stamp and lingered to drink a gin-and-lime with my friend. We talked. Then he talked and I listened.

"A funny thing happened to me once in Ceylon," he said.

"Oh," I said, having a horror of listening to those things which happen in Poona and such, and which are only a shade less boring than someone recounting a dream at the breakfast-table.

"It was the year before the war and I was doing the grand tour——"

"Oh, yes," I said hastily, looking around for escape.

"I stopped in Ceylon to visit a friend of my father's who had a tea plantation there. I was only nineteen then. . . . And a few days after I arrived he got a cable from his wife to return to England immediately because their daughter, who was at school there, was dangerously ill. The poor old boy was terribly upset, so we hustled him down to Colombo and I said I'd stay and keep an eye on things for him till he came back. . . . I'm not boring you, am I?"

"No," I lied.

"Well, we got him aboard a boat and back we came."

"Who are 'we'?"

"Webster and I. Webster was a fellow of about my own age who had just come out to learn about tea. He didn't know much about the country. Neither did I. But on the way down to Colombo the old boy had filled our heads with fatherly advice—mostly

Interlude (Continued)

about women. We were both very young then, you see."

I saw.

"In Ceylon there are three castes. High Tamil, Low Tamil, and Cingalese. You can come into—er—amorous collision with a Low Tamil woman and nobody on their side minds much. With a Cingalese you have to be a little more careful. But if you start any nonsense with a High Tamil you're likely to be called to account by a father or brother or some sort of kinsman. It's very dangerous. The old boy couldn't impress it on us sufficiently!"

"And are they very extra-special?" I asked.

"They're very beautiful . . . there was a girl called Marcia, a High Tamil. She was nearly black, but in that environment she was utterly lovely. A mixture of shyness and slyness, with long legs and a perfect body. Fascinating to watch. And she was only sixteen!"

"So you fell for Marcia?"

"No, thank God," he said swiftly; "but Webster did."

HE was beginning to hold my attention. There was an intensity behind his voice which communicated itself to me. I noticed for the first time—and I had known him six months or more—that you could have drawn a line down the centre of his face and you would have had two people so different that you couldn't imagine how they could ever have merged in one. One side kindly, humorous, debonair; the other anxious-eyed, a little mad. Perhaps I hadn't noticed the other because it wasn't always there. Just to-night because the memory of that bungalow on the plantation had been playing on his nerves so that he had to talk.

"I saw them together, Webster and Marcia, one afternoon when I was coming back from the plantation. They were sitting in the shadow of a clump of bushes. I passed—pretending not to see, in the way one does. But when Webster came in I reminded him of the girl's caste and told him not to be a bloody fool. He laughed and said I was making a song about nothing, but he promised to keep away from her."

"He didn't, of course," I said.

"Not even for a day. When I was coming home the next afternoon I nearly stumbled over them again. Almost in the same spot. They had only moved a few yards further along to another bush. . . . I passed on, of course—what can one do? But I was terribly embarrassed and furious with Webster. It was the first time I had ever had any responsibility, you see, and I was taking it very seriously. I had promised to keep my eye on that place, and it didn't occur to me till then that I had bitten off more than I could chew. And the trouble was coming from Webster, the only other white man on the place. That was what made me so angry."

He paused and lit a cigarette. I lit one, too, because a cigarette is a good thing to have when one feels likely to be moved or disturbed.

"I told him that night," he went on, "that he could clear out. That if he wanted the girl he could have her somewhere else. I said I wasn't going to run the risk of relatives perhaps mistaking me for him, that I didn't like the thought of a knife spinning out of nowhere on a dark night, and that he wasn't the kind of bloke I'd relish making the supreme sacrifice for. I was pretty furious with him, but he just laughed. He had been out there three months longer than me and he made it seem like three years. He became very cryptic and superior and assured me that he knew what he was about. He nearly convinced me. At least, he would have made me feel like an anxious old hen fussing about nothing if the old boy hadn't been so deadly serious about those things before he left . . . and he was the one to know Ceylon—he had been twenty years in the place."

"Did Webster clear out?" I asked.

"He didn't have time. Everything happened so quickly. He went out that evening after dinner. He didn't say where, because we weren't on the best of terms by then, but I guessed he had a date with Marcia under some tree or other. I sat on tenterhooks, alone with what I didn't know about the East. You sit, you know, in your own circle of oil-lamp in the middle of a hot, dark night that seems to be close up to you, trying to keep you from moving. It's quiet, but not still, if you know what I mean. There are sly stirrings all round you and mostly behind you. And you feel that if you once turn your head you're giving way to something and there'll be no end to it. You've got to control yourself."

"I can imagine."

"Well, nothing happened that night. He came in late and went straight to bed. Things were getting pretty strained between us and I had breakfast while he was still in his bath. . . . But when I came back in the late afternoon, I went, as usual, straight into the living-room, and there, half-lying on the divan, was the girl—Marcia."

He took a gulp at his drink.

"I was properly mad then," he went on. "I could have wiped the silly smile off her face. I thought things were coming to a nice pass and wondered what on earth the old boy would have said. Such colossal cheek on Webster's part! I didn't know her language and she didn't know a word of mine, but that didn't matter to me. I let her have it in the only language I knew, and told her to get to hell out of here . . . but she only gave a laugh. And then . . . this is the awful thing . . . in the voice and English which Webster spoke, she said, 'Don't be a bloody fool, Hudson. Give me a drink.'"

"The black girl?" I gasped.

"The black girl. Sure enough. It was such a staggering thing that I don't know what I did. Not to be able to believe your own eyes and ears is something you can't imagine. Unless it has happened to you, you can't realise the helplessness that comes over you, the weakness, the utter bewilderment. . . . Then she—or he—said, 'Don't stand staring there like an idiot, old boy. Have a drink and pull yourself together.'"

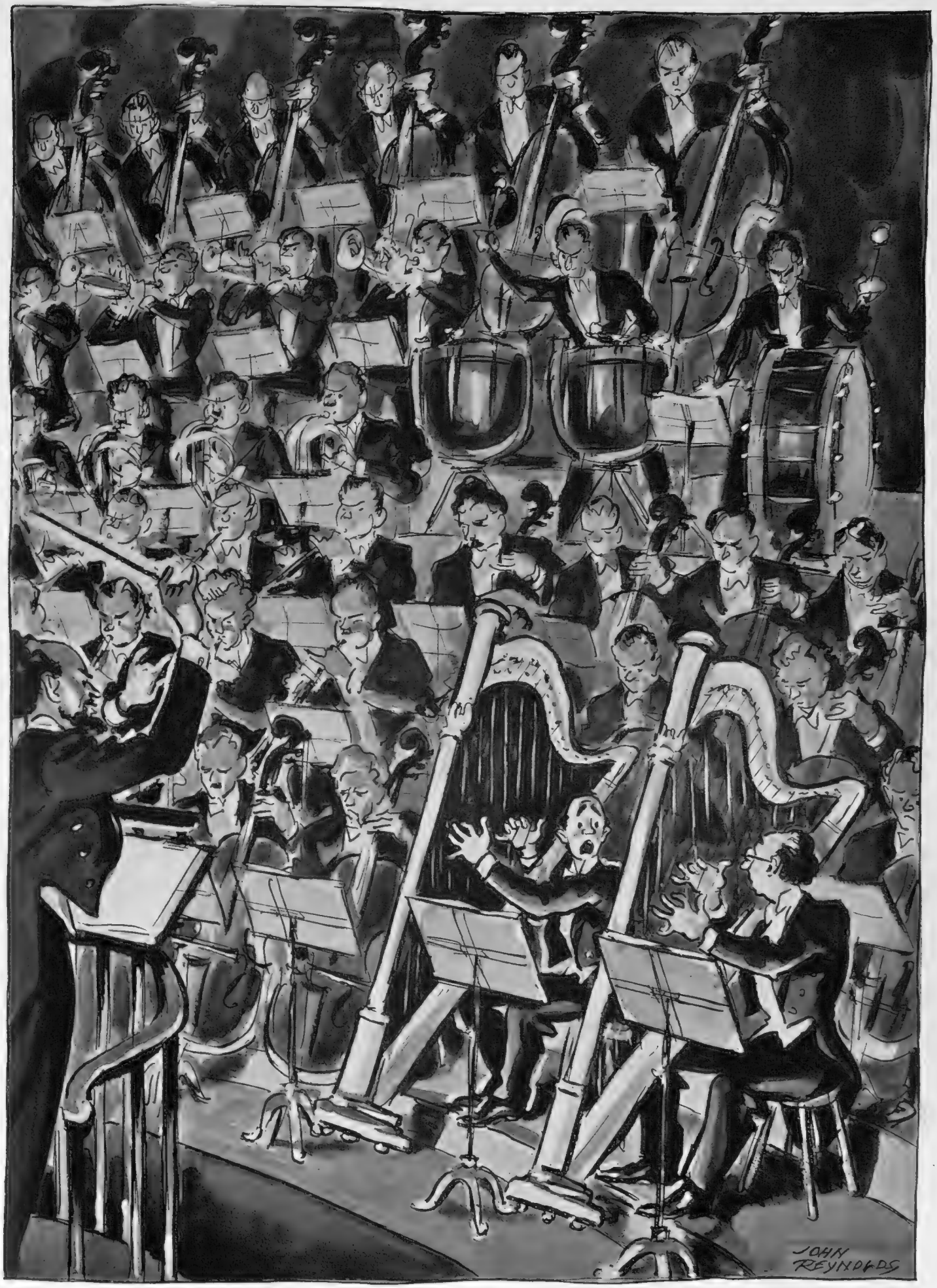
HE had another gulp as if he needed it now, after more than twenty years.

"Then I sort of made my way through to the kitchen to the boys. I needed that assurance that I was in the right house—that I was I. And there were the four boys crouched in a corner, grey with fright. Their fear gave me back some self-possession; at least, it made me pull myself up a bit. I had enough voice to ask them where was Webster. They couldn't speak, but they pointed to the ravine—there was a ravine between the house and the plantation, spanned by a narrow bridge. I ran out, expecting to find him at the bottom of it. I found him all right, but not dead. He was running up and down the edge, wringing his hands and wailing to himself . . . in High Tamil . . . which he hadn't known a word of.

"I had the horrors badly. I didn't know a soul in Ceylon. I was God knew how many miles from another white man and, worst of all, I didn't know what I was up against. My eyes and ears were being asked to believe something that they couldn't. They

(Concluded on page iv)

"Say when!"



"It's just that I don't like music"

B. Sachsel

Irene Eisinger

Opera Singer — Revue Star

Irene Eisinger made a tremendous success during the Glyndebourne opera season last year, credit going to her attractive little self as well as to her lovely voice. Now she has been caught in Mr. Cochran's wide-flung net, and is one of his galaxy of star-talent in "Follow the Sun," which sounds to have out-revued even his own previous revue splendours. It opened last Monday week in Manchester, and comes to the Adelphi somewhere around the 24th. Irene Eisinger is a German, yet another of the brilliant artists that Nazidom can find no room for — to England's considerable gain

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Winter sports cause a general exodus in the New Year, and the question of what to wear in the snow is important. Generally speaking, dark colours, such as black, nigger brown and spruce green, are preferable, especially when accompanied by gay accessories, though off-white is very becoming in fine weather. It is seen in the suit on the right, which consists of a short, double-breasted jacket and plus-fours from Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly. The material is proofed suiting, and the price nine guineas, or in colours eight guineas. An alternative would be either straight-cut trousers or plus-fours, accompanied by a coloured nappa leather jacket with contrasting knitted collar and sleeves. It seems hardly necessary to add that this firm supply all the necessary accessories in the way of boots, wool stockings, and ski-mits or gloves; also delightfully gay Tyrolean pullovers

Geo. Grey Morris

The Vogue For Leaves—Simple Hats For Smart Occasions

Leaves and petals in felt, velvet or silk are used for trimming many of the new hats this season. In the photograph above they are cut from the same lightweight felt as makes the hat. It may be seen at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, and costs 59s. 6d. The crown is shallow and slopes slightly forward, following the line of the brim, which turns up at the back. The colour is a soft shade of almond green, but it can also be made in any shade to order

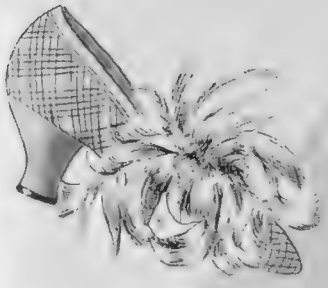
The forward movement which was stressed so much last season still continues, but in a rather modified way. In the hat below, for example, the brim is divided, so that one half comes forward, while the other is folded back. It is made in fine felt and costs 63s. in any shade. There are many other variations on this theme, including the postman's cap and military "képi." A recent innovation is the old-world "chignon" net which grips the back of the head and takes the place of a bandeau. In black or brown, it is very effective over golden hair

Caps and toques are always becoming, especially with fur collars, as they do not get in the way or disarrange the hair. Veils, too, have a softening effect and vary in length. Some barely cover the forehead, while others fall below the chin. A charming version of the toque is seen above. It also comes from Harvey Nichols, together with the hat on the left, and is carried out in felt with a spreading veil. The new version of the Breton sailor, which tilts well forward and is held at the back by a "chignon" net, may also be seen in these salons

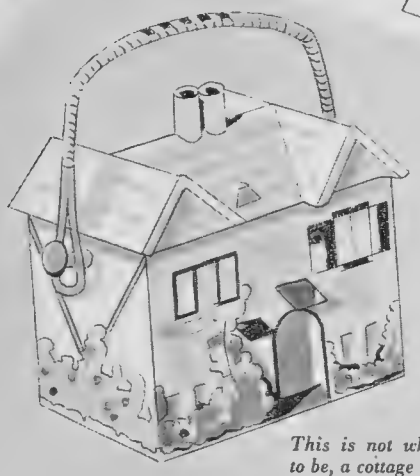
Philip Harben

Discovered by Peter.
Pictured by Peter.

The Bystander Twins in search of NOVELTIES



A new variation on the ordinary bed-room mule has been designed. It is equally decorative, but infinitely warmer through having the heel encased, and is of quilted crêpe trimmed with a feather mount and embroidery



This is not what it appears to be, a cottage in the country, but rather a very practical biscuit-jar in earthenware. It costs 2s. 9d. at Peter Robinson, Oxford Street

Muslin peasant blouses have been fashionable for some time, but it is new to see them in wool. The one below is in knitted bouclette, with a gathered neck. At Derry and Toms, Kensington High Street, it costs 25s. 9d.

What could be nicer than a box of foaming bath-powder flowers made by Ebe? They float, lily-like, softening, colouring and sweetly perfuming the water. Thirty-six flowers in seven different shades are clustered in a silver and black box, costing 10s. 6d.

Norwegian mits in white wool embroidered in multi-colours are splendid for ski-ing, also the peaked wool cap, which can be adjusted to protect the ears. Lilly-whites, the well-known sports outfitters, Piccadilly Circus, have them both, also the red and white silk scarf, printed with ski-sticks

This check tweed skirt for golfers, with extra-strong pockets lined with selvyt, is designed by Lilly-whites. The object of the pockets is that they should hold hand-warmers. The latter keep hot for twenty-four hours, and, in a velvet case, cost 4s. 6d.

This Mexican dancing girl is one of the many beautiful dolls to be seen at Liberty's, Regent Street. She is dressed in orange felt trimmed with gold braid. Her silk skirt buttons down the sides, and is designed to hold anything from a nightgown to knitting

Women's Golf:

What of 1935 Events?

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

LOOKING back over the last twelve months, it seems to me that the most notable, and quite the most pleasing, thing to record is the success of our International teams. It is certainly a satisfactory year in contrast to 1934, when Great Britain only halved with France, and were soundly trounced by the U.S.A.

True, the victory at Worplesdon was as narrow as could be, for we lost the foursomes 1 to 2, and it was only a 4 to 2 win of the afternoon singles which gave us the Vagliano Cup. But when one remembers the croakings that went on beforehand, all the inhabitants of Worplesdon being so dazzled by the French team's golf that they almost overlooked the merits of our own, the win seems good enough, especially as the team were without Miss Pam Barton (whose arm was still out of action from a riding accident) and were trying out new talent with a view to future use. What a blazing hot day it was at Worplesdon, what an astonishingly attractive dozen of golfers they were, and what a delightful match it was in every way! There again the old British trick of self-depreciation seemed to have been rather unusually and even mischievously active, making out that our side, or the authorities, or some person or persons unknown, were failing in hospitality and friendliness. Actually, the unsolicited word of the French captain, expressed quite unofficially, was that all her team enjoyed themselves enormously, and that everybody and everything was perfect.

The International touring team that went to Australia and New Zealand bore even greater responsibilities than the one which played France. Incidentally, they annexed, between them, every title for which they competed, except one, besides winning every team match, with the loss only of one individual game. They had also to show what golf is in this country, and what golfers are, too. The hosts of friends they made, and the golden opinions left by them, tell how splendidly they achieved all these objects.

MISS JOYCE WETHERED'S personal triumphs in America were another international success of the year. Having said so much, it seems an ungracious thing to contend that the standard of women's golf in the British Isles during 1935 has not improved, and that the championships produced nothing to touch the greatest of the pre-war years; but it is true and must be said. The great golfers have, for one reason or another, either left championship golf or failed to reach their previous heights. That is not to disparage the young ones who are coming on, full of possibilities and given such chances of development as never came the way of those who won titles even a decade ago. But no championship this year was won by round after round of almost faultless and quite irresistible golf, as I used to see them won a few years ago. It may be that there are more good golfers, even if there are less superlative ones; and if so, it is only a question of how soon some of them will touch greater heights, and, having touched, remain there.

Miss Robertson-Durham, the Scottish Champion of 1935, with Miss Nan Baird. The latter took her to the twentieth hole before losing the final round. Miss Baird was the winner of the Scottish Championships in the previous year

Miss Pam Barton, the runner-up in the 1935 British Open Championship. She is also the Australian Federal Territory Champion, and the Surrey Champion for 1935, and the winner of the Roehampton Gold Cup for 1935—a fine record

SO much for generalities. Now to run quickly over particular events. First of all, London Foursomes, and a win for Camberley Heath, represented by Miss Doris Chambers and Miss Heather Palmes; the Roehampton Gold Cup, and a brilliant 74 from Miss Pam Barton; Sunningdale Foursomes, won by Miss Joyce Wethered and Mr. John Morrison; BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes, with a great win for the holders, Miss Mary Johnson and Miss Barbara Lees, at Ganton. It has been one of the tragedies of the year that Miss Johnson's broken leg robbed her of the chance of getting to the tip-most top of the tree by herself, but 1936 must remedy that. BYSTANDER Spring Medal Foursomes, at St. George's Hill, and a win for Miss Audrey Holmes and Miss Elaine Young, who were later to be respectively German Champion and runner-up.

Essex was the Champion County for 1935, and here are the team. They are: (standing) Miss Dorrit Wilkins, Miss Audrey Holmes, Miss K. Sutton (reserve), Miss Elaine Young, Miss Diana Plumpton; and (sitting) Mrs. Walker, Miss K. Garnham (captain) and Mrs. Percy Garon

Then the Welsh Championship at Tenby, abandoned, because of snow, on the semi-final morning, leaving Miss Rieben still Champion; and a dash to Newcastle, where the Royal County Down Club overwhelmed everyone with hospitality, the weather was quite glorious, the course superb, Scotland won the Home Internationals, and Miss Wanda Morgan fulfilled promise and the wish of everybody by becoming Open Champion. Miss Pam Barton was a gallant runner-up for the second successive year, her elder sister, Mervyn, and Miss Jessie Anderson being bronze medallists.

WHILE the Irish players then repaired to Rosapenna, where Miss Daisy Ferguson won her title, Scotland were busy with BYSTANDER Foursomes at Lossiemouth. They failed to repel a most persistent pair of invaders, Miss Cradock-Hartopp and Miss Newell, to whom Miss Jessie Anderson and her sister, Isa, were runners-up. Scottish Championship followed, with a win for Miss Robertson-Durham, who beat the holder, Miss Nan Baird, at the 20th hole.

Then a lull, during which those who could, went off to annex Continental titles, broken by the first Girls' International, in which Scotland followed the good example set them by their elders and betters at Newcastle, beating England by 5 to 2. England had to gain what satisfaction it might by supplying both finalists in the Girls' Championship, Miss Peggy Falkner as winner, and Miss Joan Pemberton as runner-up.

County Finals at Birkdale, that magnificent Lancashire course, with a win for Essex, and an Essex English Champion, too, in Mrs. Percy Garon, who beat a Lancastrian, Miss Elsie Corlett, at the 38th hole in the final. BYSTANDER Autumn Foursomes, Miss Wanda Morgan and Miss Doris Chambers winning at Ranelagh, Miss Townend and Mrs. Pritt at Roehampton. Worplesdon, without Miss Wethered for the first time, found consolation in a brother-and-sister win for the Cradock-Hartopps. Then an immensely popular win for West Hill in the *Star* Finals. And so to the New Year. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Mr. and Mrs. is the Name . . .

A Who's Whose Series of Screen Wives and Husbands

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery (Elizabeth Allen)

Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Gibbons (Dolores del Rio)

Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller (Lupe Velez)

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery *met on the New York stage when she was Elizabeth Allen (no relation of English Elizabeth Allan), fell in love and got married. She doesn't act any more; has a small daughter to look after, and a lot of friends, who call her Betty. Robert Montgomery wanted to be a writer, went round the world on an oil-tanker, became a New York actor, went West (Hollywood) when talkies started, and has been there ever since. Made a trip to England this summer, which gave his fans a thrill; plays treat-'em-rough parts with supreme polish and aplomb*

Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Gibbons *married after Dolores del Rio divorced her first husband. She's Mexican and was a Mexico City socialite before Edwin Carewe persuaded her to Hollywood, since when she practically owns the adjective "exotic." Cedric Gibbons designs screen sets and house-interiors; introduced modern furniture in film décor before it got its private-house fashion. Designed his and Dolores' home with no windows on street side, but an all-glass wall on the other side; romantically mounts by ladder and trap door from his dressing-room to his wife's room above*

Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller *have been rumoured divorcing each other so often that one can't be sure of them from one day to another. Their epic rows were news when they summered in England, but they like making up, and look grand dancing together. Lupe has Mexican temperament, was a dancer originally, had first big part opposite Fairbanks, Senior, in "The Gaucho" eight years ago. Was rumoured engaged to Gary Cooper and a famous director before she married swimming champion "Tarzan" Weissmuller, who'd also set many engagement rumours spinning*

Miss Sheila Roche

Has a noticeably white skin and still more remarkable jewellery, is wintering in India as usual, and will be back for flat racing. Has one or two horses and lots of beautiful clothes

Miss Ursula Livingstone-Learmonth

Is raven-haired and terrifically sociable; came out a couple of years ago. Divides time between London and Dorset—London wins. Nice member of nice family

Miss Nemoni Balfour

Means to make good as a prima donna and is already applauded in Vienna. Looks like Joan Crawford. Over self-confident and highbrow when very young. Would now make ideal wife for music-lover

Miss Patricia Raeburn

Makes début in '36; is a rapid Mürren ski-er, an ex-Scottish ski-champion and a granddaughter of a Scots shipping baronet—Sir W. H. Raeburn. Bonny Glaswegian girl

"Always be nice to girls; you never know who they will

(The late Lady Ailesbury to

AND WHO WILL THESE BE

A Selection of Spinsters From Every Set:

Miss Jeanne Stourton

Has exchanged Sir Austen Chamberlain for Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow as employer of her secretarial talents; might make momentous match. Courageous, sophisticated, not strong, decorative Jeanne deserves luck

Right: Miss Cazalet sometimes alludes to herself as a spinster, but we should not be surprised . . . Has devoted life to hard work and brother. A well-informed, capable person

Miss Thelma Cazalet, M.P.

Miss Phoebe Houstoun-Boswell

Poetess and 1934 vintage; is interesting-looking as well as effective. Paints and sculpts and takes life seriously. Has a gentle heart, so must not marry a boorish hearty

Lady Bridget Poulett

Has been disinclined for matrimony since début five years ago. Brother George's marriage may inspire her to settle down. Or an American millionaire might take on this sorrowful beauty

Lady Violet Baring

Is the sweet, outdoor daughter of the Censor and Lady Cromer. Charming manners to everyone—no shadow of "side." Likes watching polo, riding and animals. Must marry an outdoor boy

become"

Lady Oxford when a girl.)

COME?

No. 2

Right: Nancy Harmood Banner is another girl with a voice. Has already sung in public and intends cultivating her talent. Gives and goes to lots of parties with the Varsity gang in attendance

Miss Daphne Kingsmill

At twenty-five has collected all the smartest girl friends. Loves smart hats, people, places and gossip, but has a heart of white gold

Miss Diana Fishwick

Is a great-hearted, sturdy golfer, whose blonde hair, worn straight, is as natural as her swing. Young, healthy and modest, she's a good advert. for this quaint pastime

Princess Ekaterina of Russia

Niece of the assassinated King of Jugo-Slavia; spends much time here, chaperoned by Lady Dalrymple-Champneys. An attractive, soft-voiced brunette. Brother known affectionately as "Russia" because Mayfair can't pronounce Vsevolde

Miss Nancy Harmood-Banner

The Hons. Theodora Benson and Betty Askwith

Above: Miss Benson and Miss Askwith are clever, hardworking writers, enterprising travellers and good companions. Theodora has alluring eyes and Betty's teeth outshine any movie queen's

The Hon. Esmé Glyn

Was once rumoured engaged to the Duke of Norfolk, which embarrassed both as they were "just friends." Younger sister of Lord Wolverton, she is twenty-seven, dark, formal and looks barely of age

The Hon. Lavinia Strutt

Daughter of Lord Belper and Lady Rosebery: is a delightful post-debutante, with her mother's exceptional smile. Wonderful horsewoman and racing mad. Would make ideal duchess

Lady Anne Cavendish-Bentinck

Right: Lord and Lady Titchfield's daughter has "good style" written all over her nice looks and quiet clothes, also a distinctive, rather full mouth, and dreamy eyes. Bentincks inherit Dutch calm

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

The Battle of Twickenham

Peter Cranmer will be in the centre of the three-quarter line against the All Blacks. His school and college are St. Edward's, Oxford, and Christ Church, and he plays for Richmond

Three of Oxford's Internationals

E. C. Nicholson (Wadham) has been chosen as England's hooker; a medical student in town, he was able to find time to coach the Oxford "Rugger" team last term

H. G. Owen-Smith is a Magdalen man who hails from South Africa, for which country he has played cricket. He is a triple Blue, having also represented Oxford at boxing and cricket

So the great occasion approaches, and next Saturday England play New Zealand at Twickenham. I don't know how hopefully you regard the possible outcome. For myself, I propose to sit on the fence for a few paragraphs at least, and temporise by recalling other great matches.

Do you remember the 1931 South Africans, with their gigantic forwards, and Bennie Osler banging the ball into touch like clockwork, working for the final thrust at short range? Not an inspiring side, except to those who still find virtue in grand scrummaging. As a matter of fact, England rather showed up the Springboks. For some odd reason, the English selectors chose three smallish forwards for the front row, hoping, I daresay, that they would shove under the South Africans.

What happened was that they could not hold Boy Louw, Kipling, and Mostert, those tremendous iron men, and South Africa monopolised the ball. Here we come to the show-down, for South Africa, with any attacking skill at all, should have piled up the points, and yet they only won by a dropped goal and a try to nil. But what a dropped goal it was! I was sitting just behind the spot near the touch-line where Brand, the Springbok full-back, let fly, and the power and accuracy with which that ball shot off his boot and flew between the posts was amazing.

It did not convince me, though, that a dropped goal is worth four points, if you will forgive me for starting this ancient hare again. Three points, at most, and I would be quite prepared to go even further, and reduce its value to a couple of points.

The England team has not been announced as I write, but it is safe to say that only two of the Englishmen who played against the Springboks that day are likely to play against New Zealand this Saturday. They are R. A. Gerrard and the newly resuscitated M. Webb, who may be keeping the vast Clarke company in the second row.

I find it hard to make up my mind about England's chances. By the way the selectors are heading at present, we should have a pretty useful side, it seems to me; a better side, at any rate, than at one time appeared likely. A great deal depends on P. L. Candler, at stand-off half. If he settles down with B. C. Gadney, the England attack will need to be treated with some respect. I have been wondering, incidentally, about those long, rocketing passes of Gadney's. Magnificent passes, they are, just the sort of passes the theorist has been clamouring for. They give the stand-off half room to work in; they are fast enough to set the attack under way with the minimum of delay, and give the defence no time to move up. Theoretically, as I say, ideal. I assume, by the way, since we are thinking in terms of a perfect world, that they will be taken by a stand-off half going at full speed. If they are taken standing still, they are worse than useless.

Even at full speed, though, I am beginning to doubt whether the long pass from the scrummage is the best form of attack against the modern defence. It depends where the scrummage takes place, of course, but on general principles it ends, nine times out of ten, with the stand-off half and his centres being shadowed across the ground.

The New Zealanders work on the diametrically opposite principle. Their pass from the scrummage is short and sharp, and their attack is a succession of swift stabs at the defence instead of our long, swerving runs. They attempt to break and draw the defence near the scrummage; they bring their forwards into the attacking scheme, whereas our forwards are mainly used in defence, or the snapping up of unexpected chances in attack.

You will see the New Zealanders on Saturday hammering away in mid-field. If their wings do get the ball, they will have plenty of space between them and the touch-line. The New Zealanders, in short, draw the defence inwards, while we draw it outwards, so that our wings, by cross-kicking, may find the gap in mid-field.

These are generalisations, of course, but they are worth pondering. And what interests me about it all is that we are constantly being reminded of Rugby football's progressive development. The game does not stand still, though some people may regret this undeniable fact.

Some people, I know, would have us back in the days of which Arthur Budd wrote so feelingly, the days when "a player who could not take and give hacks was not considered worth his salt, and to put one's head down in a scrummage was considered an act of high-treason." Uncomfortable days, I fancy, and we shall not return to them. Science is the watchword now, however much we may deplore it. And, for my part, I think these visits by Dominion teams serve a most excellent purpose. They set us thinking again, and I am sure our own football is much improved by them.

Whether it has been sufficiently stimulated this winter to give us a chance of beating New Zealand on Saturday remains to be seen. We have a chance, I think, but it is a slender one. These New Zealanders are too much of a team now to be easily defeated, and it is by the deadly efficiency of their team-work that they are likely to prevail against England at Twickenham.

Lord Stair Was a Bonspeil Hero—

Lord Stair was one of the three thousand or so competitors who curled in the vast Bonspeil held on Christmas Eve at Carsebreck, Perthshire, just before the thaw set in to melt the six inches of ice

—And Sir Colin MacRae Was Another

Sir Colin MacRae skipped the Clan MacRae rink in the Royal Caledonian Curling Club's orgy on Carsebreck Loch, the first the weather has allowed them to hold for some years

Here's Winter Sport

Home-Made

Hunt Ball Sequel

Left: Miss Nancy Harmood-Banner and Miss Anne Hickman were out, fresh as paint, at the South Atherstone meet at Newnham Paddox after their hunt ball

Above: Lady Katherine Bigham was photographed at the Beaufort meet at Brinkworth. She is Lord Lansdowne's elder daughter, and married Lord Mersey's eldest son, the Hon. Clive Bigham, in 1933

The Judge Considers

The Duke of Marlborough, Tyrolean-hatted, was a judge, and Mr. O. V. Watney was a gun at the Midland Counties Field Trial Society's meeting at Blenheim

Left: Lady Cecilia Wellesley was also out with the Beaufort from Brinkworth. She is Clare Countess Cowley's second daughter, and lives with her mother at Seagry House, Chippenham, in the best Beaufort country

Three officials who helped to make a big success of the Guildford and District Professional Golfers' Alliance meeting at Chertsey. They are Capt. E. I. M. Barrett, the secretary, and R. Douglas, a director, of the Chertsey Golf Club, and Capt. C. Evans Smith, the hon. secretary to the Guildford and District Professional G.A.

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Amateur Golf in 1935

THE BYSTANDER Trophy was won for the second year in succession by M. R. Gardner. The BYSTANDER Trophy Meeting was as popular as ever this year and many more entries were received than could be accepted, but by splitting the draw it was possible to allow ten eights to take part—a larger number than could be accommodated previously. Gardner followed up this fine performance by winning the Army Championship at Porthcawl with a score of 155, which was good going in the adverse weather conditions which were in the Amateur Championship, and although he was taken to the last green on three occasions, he never appeared to me to be in imminent danger of defeat; he always seemed to have a bit up his sleeve when his opponents were flat out, and I feel sure that if they had played better Little would have done the same. Little, on his return home, won the American Amateur Championship, also for the second year in succession. He stated when he received the cup this year at St. Annes that he was very doubtful if he would be able to defend his title next year, but let us hope that the lure of St. Andrews—to him as to many others—will be too strong to resist. Hector Thomson, who I consider the best amateur golfer in the British Isles, got beaten in the first round

J. S. F. Morrison, the president of the Guildford and District Professional G.A., seems to be demonstrating a stroke at billiards to Col. A. H. Sargent during the meeting at Chertsey

F. Hedges (West Byfleet) and T. F. Law (West Hill) were two more stalwarts who braved the December weather to play in the Guildford and District Professional Golfers' Alliance meeting

As usual, the first important golf meeting of the year was the President's Putter Meeting, at Rye. The putter was won by R. H. Wethered, who beat A. J. Evans in the final by two holes up and one to play. Wethered had a bad match in the Walker Cup at St. Andrews in 1934 and stood down in the singles after losing his foursome, with Cyril Tolley as partner, by 8 and 7. Whether his omission in the singles was a wise move or not is very doubtful, as I and many others have always considered Wethered a much better single than foursome golfer. It is extraordinary how often he can play badly against a good player playing well and yet win; when he is hitting his own ball he does not seem to mind where his tee shots go, and however badly his ball is lying, he generally manages somehow to jerk it on to the green and then to hole a putt.

SINCE he started work and has been unable to get much practice he has had trouble with his wooden club shots; but however badly he plays them he never seems to have any difficulty with the iron clubs, and produces many good shots with them. At Rye he was using wooden clubs fitted with the then comparatively new whippy limber shafts, and drove well. After showing this return to his best form, it was unfortunate that he did not take part in either the Amateur or the Open Championship. March saw one of the most exciting Varsity matches that has ever been played. Cambridge, with—according to the critics—no earthly chance of success, beat Oxford by 7 matches to 6 with two matches halved; from these figures no one can fail to realise what a close thing it was. Two halved matches over thirty-six holes must have made the players concerned in them think "If only I had not missed that shot at the eighth, or that short putt at the twenty-ninth, the whole result would have been different." The match, in the end, depended on one putt, and I was told by an elderly, venerable man who I cannot believe would make an inaccurate statement, that he saw a Cambridge mother praying at the back of the crowd while her son was preparing to hole this putt for victory.

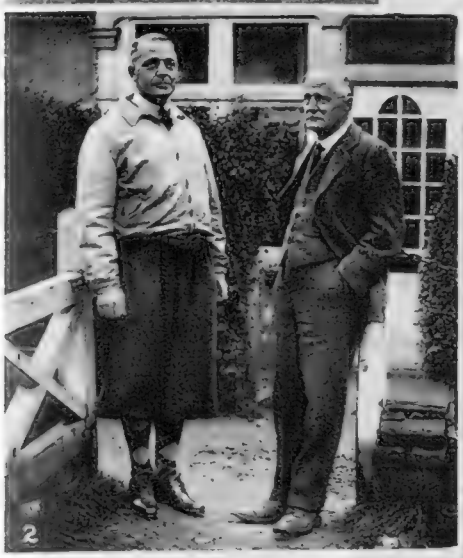
experienced. The Halford Hewitt meeting, which nearly everyone, except soldiers, knows is played the week-end before Easter every year, was won by the holders, Old Carthusians, but they only got home after being nearly chased to death and severely shaken by the representatives of Harrow, Tonbridge, and Rugby in turn. I hope that this year the Army Golfing Society will find a more suitable date for its championship; the same date as the Halford Hewitt Cup must, to say the least, cause several of its members inconvenience. John Woollam, of the Hooton Golf Club, won the English Championship in May. Woollam put up a very good performance in repeating his success of 1932, but I do think that he is an extremely lucky man to be successful in two finals of this Championship, in each of which he took considerably more than 80 shots for the first eighteen holes and yet did not find himself an irretrievable number of holes down. I have heard from a reliable source that the E.G.U. proposes in future to hold its championship on golf links and not golf courses. I have always argued that it is only at the seaside, on sand-dune country, that the real game of golf can be enjoyed, and consequently hope sincerely that my informant is correct. Lawson Little repeated his success of 1934 of the Amateur Championship by R. Moore, from Canada, but made some amends by winning the Scottish Close and the Irish Open Amateur Championships: in each of these he beat Jack McLean in the finals, but while Thomson had easy journeys to these finals, McLean had to work very hard, and only just scrambled through several of his matches. For the first time since 1922, when Roger Wethered and his sister were victorious, the Worplesdon Foursomes were won by a family partnership. This year J. E. Cradock-Hartopp and his sister were victorious, but only after many anxious moments and many visits to the eighteenth green. The features of their success were the iron, and especially the long iron, play of the male and the steadiness and putting of the female, plus (and this is very important) their match play temperaments; or, if you are not too refined, their "guts," especially the lady's.

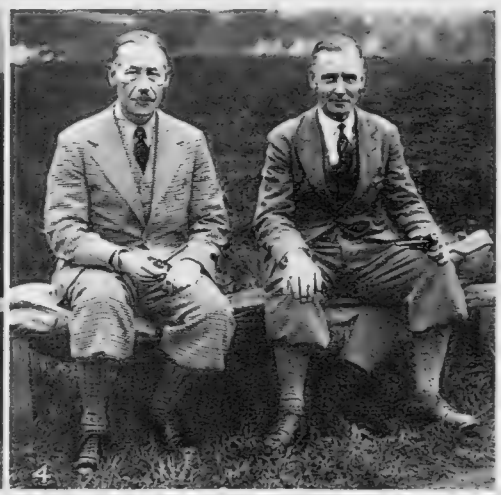
CRADOCK-HARTOPP does not get much time for golf, so it is all the more to his credit that in the two important events in which he has taken part he should be victorious in one and on the other occasion should win a medal—which he did when he reached the semi-final of the English Championship at Hollinwell, where he is a member.

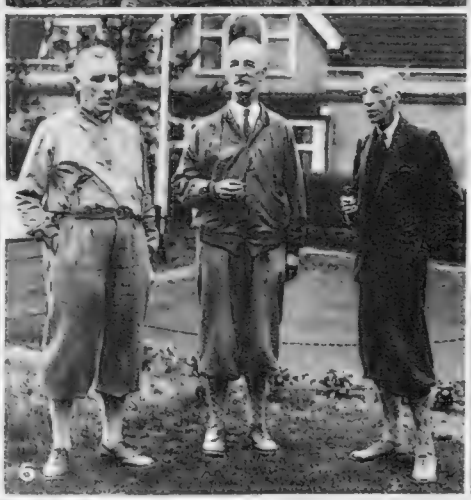
A View of the Club-house

Golf Clubs at Home

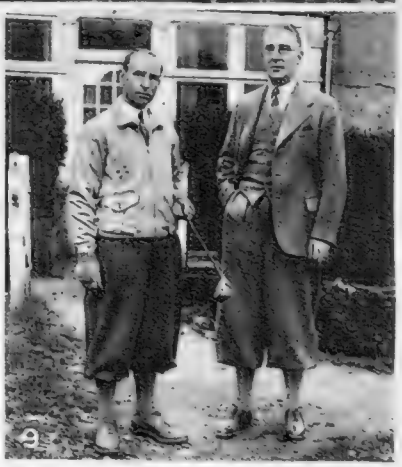
Chipstead Golf Club, Surrey







(1) H. Sworder (President). (2) S. J. Brown (captain) and H. W. Hire (secretary). (3) F. E. Powell (ex-captain) and F. C. Jones (ex-captain). (4) B. Smither (vice-captain) and C. D. Lovering (committee-man). (5) H. E. Bull (former hon. secretary) and A. E. Lloyd (ex-captain). (6) A. Neale (ex-president), A. M. B. Hillman, and P. S. Snell. (7) W. T. Roughley, S. A. Marples, and F. G. Marraine. (8) D. Balloch, L. T. L. Gooding, E. H. Pollitt, and H. S. Temple. (9) S. Forman (professional) and C. Earl (steward)



The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Galsworthy: By A. G. Macdonell

THE ranks of the pre-war giants of literature are thinning, and the passing of each one reminds us what giants they were. Who is there of the post-war generation, except Mr. J. B. Priestley, who seems remotely likely to step into their enormous shoes? Shaw, Wells, Yeats, Conrad, Galsworthy, Bennett, Kipling, Hardy—where are their successors? These pessimistic reflections have been aroused by a long study of Mr. H. V. Marrot's *Life and Letters of John Galsworthy* (Heinemann; 21s.). There was a man for you! What a picture of laborious toil is unfolded as you read on and on; what relentless artistic integrity, what deep and subtle analysings, and what inexhaustible humanity. In spite of his immense labours and his huge output, Galsworthy had always time to fight for the underdog, the downtrodden, the unfortunate, and the oppressed. No appeal in a deserving cause went unheard, no sufferer was sent away empty-handed. Every year he gave away one-half of his total income, and in the war years he gave away three-quarters of it. Mr. Marrot's book is an endless mine of treasure. These great men of a past era found the time to write long letters to each other, asking each other's advice on artistic points, discussing politics, ranging over the world of æsthetics and philosophy, and many of these letters, both from and to Galsworthy, are published here. Professor Gilbert Murray was the chief of his correspondents, and his letters are compact with his deep wisdom. Professor Murray devoted many hours to the critical study of Galsworthy's books and plays (advance copies were always sent to him months ahead), and his criticisms, invariably constructive, are perfect examples in miniature of a difficult art.

Galsworthy will, of course, always be famous for his huge picture of the upper middle-classes of Great Britain, of which Soames Forsyte is the enduring symbol. But he will also be celebrated by posterity as one of the great social reformers of literature, and as one of the noblest of humanitarians. I think Mr. Marrot has done his work admirably, though perhaps he has allowed his emotions to overstrain the effects of his last two paragraphs. But happy is the biographer who only brings down a mild criticism of two paragraphs in a book of 800 pages.

MISS MARJORIE BOWEN, whose very first book, by the way, has at last been re-published (how I loved that book, *The Viper of Milan*, many, many years ago!), has done a very brave thing. She has taken her life in her hands and marched into Trafalgar Square and given the Nelson Column a mighty push. The English are incredibly touchy about Nelson, and by this time I imagine that the Navy League, armed with cutlasses and carronades, will be surging about the streets in search of the blasphemer. *Patriotic Lady* (The Bodley Head; 15s.) is a timely book, for the debunking of Nelson is long overdue. That he was the supreme naval tactician of the sailing-ship era is universally admitted. But the rest of his make-up was not so hot. Miss Bowen smites and spares not. She describes the terrible sequence of events in the Bay of Naples in 1799, when the Admiral commanding a British Fleet converted himself into the common hangman for a dissolute, cruel and degenerate monarch, and committed acts of perjury and treachery that made the name of Britain execrated throughout Europe.

The Patriotic Lady herself is, of course, Emma Lady Hamilton, and Miss Bowen paints a terrible picture of her, too. But somehow she appears as the less repulsive figure of the two. She was, after all, simply an adventuress—what we call a gold-digger. She was out for what she could get, and she got it. Well, good luck to her. But the case of Nelson is different. He was the Hero of Aboukir, the most famous sailor in the world. He was also assumed to be an English gentleman. But by his exploits at Naples, and his behaviour at Palermo, he dragged England's name pretty deep in the mud.

Miss Bowen is so indignant with the whole sorry, sordid tale, that she sometimes lets her adjectives run away with her. Occasionally a little more restraint might have been more effective, but, apart from that, she shows all her old skill in the construction of a historical narrative, and I sincerely hope that the baying hounds of the Navy League will not pull her down.

Page

Mr. and Mrs. René Clair

Went to the première of his first English film at the Leicester Square Theatre. "The Ghost Goes West" is brilliant entertainment, one of the best comedy films that have come out of an English studio; it would be nice if René Clair stayed over here

VIVE HERCULE POIROT! He is back again, Hastings, Japp, grey cells, moustachios and all, and I, for one, am thrilled to the marrow-bones, is it not, hein? *The A.B.C. Murders* (Collins; 7s. 6d.) is Miss Agatha Christie's latest. It has a capital start—in fact, a perfect start, for it opens at once with the one and only Hercule and a murder. Then gradually the interest wanes. There is too much pointless, rambling talk. Poirot is losing grip. The grey cells—where are they? And then suddenly the whole thing flares up into the most amazing finale for sheer ingenuity that I have ever come across. The pointless ramblings fall into place; Poirot's grip is as keen as ever; the grey cells—they march, yes? and Miss Christie has pulled it off yet again. I am not sure that this isn't one of her best triumphs, for she lures the reader on to condemn it as a dullish affair, and then makes him apologise abjectly at the end. My only complaint is that the book is short. Now that Miss Sayers has set such a tremendous clip with her *Gaudy Night*, two hundred and fifty pages seem rather light weight.

"THE LONDON SPECTACLE, 1935" (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.) introduces to this country for the first time in a book a Polish artist of whom a very great deal is going to be heard in the future, if I mistake not. Mr. Feliks Topolski is a young man with a brilliant power of line-drawing, a superb sense of mass-effects and grouping and movement, and, what is rare in an artist, a sense of humour. This book of black-and-white drawings is full of delightful things — scenes, characters, satirical sketches, homely folk — and all somehow seem to catch something of the "English" atmosphere in a way that is almost uncanny in a foreigner.

A small amount—a far too small amount — of letter-press is provided by Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis, whose wit plays hither and thither like an absent-minded aurora borealis. By the time it has illuminated the landscape with a flash of glorious nonsense, it has forgotten all about it, and has drifted off somewhere else.

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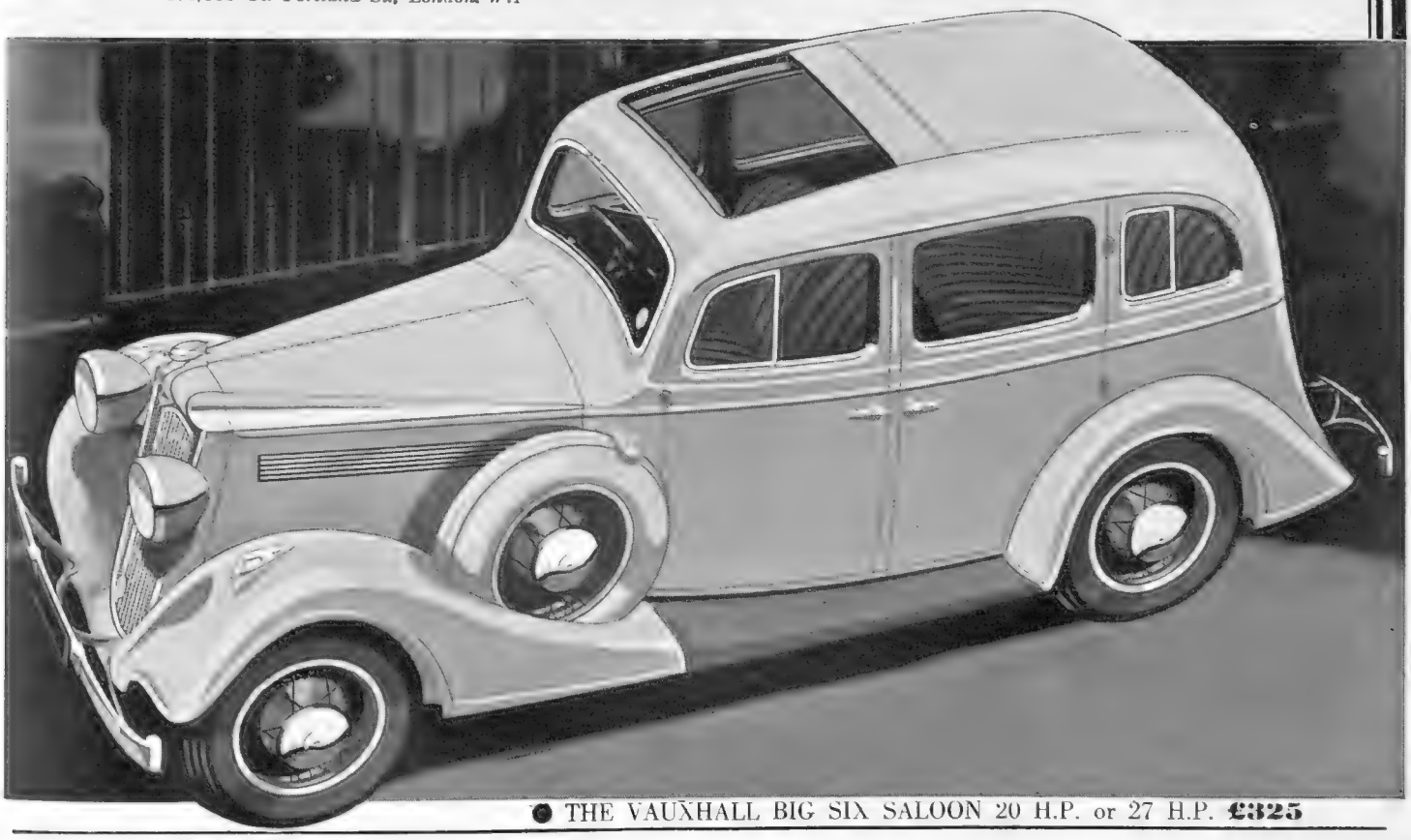

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Flying Prospects for the New Year

By Charles Ward

Those Who Take the Air

EVERY year the number of people interested in flying grows larger, by far the greater proportion being just travellers, using the air lines and taxi services to save time. It is to cater for this majority that designers spend many anxious hours in gaining a few miles in speed, in making that armchair so comfortable that the passenger is reluctant to leave it, in reducing the decibels so that a man can talk to his wife in the next seat without raising his voice to tell the world. A standard of comfort has been reached already in public air transport higher than that obtained in any other means of progression except an ocean liner. Imperial Airways' new fleet is to go one better than its present craft, providing beds for night travel and a promenade deck. Air-conditioning is a luxury that will be standardised for flying very shortly.

A New "Gull" for 1936

TRIALS of the latest Gull, named "Vega," were made at Gravesend Airport a few days before Christmas, Captain Percival, the designer, carrying out his own flight tests. The 'plane is a four- or five-seater, built as a low-wing monoplane, on similar lines to the earlier birds of the same species. Very wide speed range is achieved—from 170 miles an hour all out, down to 45 for landing, the latter being accomplished by means of flaps on the trailing edge of the wing to give increased lift at low speeds. The facility to land slowly is of vital importance for the average amateur pilot, who does not get enough practice to make fast landings, where accurate judgment is required every time. The slow-landing machine also scores on small aerodromes, and therefore widens the range of usefulness for the particular machine in question. The "Vega" is powered by a 200-h.p. Gipsy "Six," fitted with an electric starter worked from the cabin. Range is 630 miles in still air, enough for a non-stop flight to the north of Scotland, or to Berlin from London. Price, fully equipped, is £1550, which, considering its capacity—four or five people with luggage, is cheaper than most machines in this class.

Night and Day

Two liners, a de H. "Express" and an Airspeed "Envoy," photographed by "Chance" floodlights, which have been installed recently at Southampton Airport. On the right, a Hornet Moth, crossing the Channel above the clouds. This is the owner-pilot's two-seater, and is also the replacement for the open Moth as a club and school type

At Home and Abroad

THE Airspeed "Couriers" and "Envoys" that have been in use on the Portsmouth—Isle of Wight ferry and other local services during 1935, come in for a fine tribute from the operators. These 'planes were the first of British design to be fitted with retractor (new word coined by Airspeed of Portsmouth) under-carriages, and as such they have proved speedy and positive in operation. There is only one real snag with a disappearing chassis—if it fails to reappear when a landing is made, the skin is taken off the under-part of the body, as on the Cresta. Fortunately, the Airspeed patent allows the wheels to protrude slightly, and to revolve in case of an emergency landing on rough or boggy ground, when the under-carriage can remain up with a minimum risk to the 'plane of turning over. The ferry 'planes to which I have referred, raised and lowered their chassis no less than 11,436 times during the months of July and August last, without the slightest trouble. I have chosen July and August as the busiest months—these same chassis have also gone up and down before and since, but not so often.

New Year's Resolutions

THERE are more "dont's" applied to flying than almost anything else, except marriage. If you ignore Mr. Punch's advice, which is a mere negative, leading nowhere, you will take heed of a few fundamentals which spell self-preservation. Every instructor will tell you to be sure of your revs before you leave the ground; never turn down-wind with a failing engine—better hit a house sideways than the ground head-first; don't try cloud-flying until you can fly by instruments; etc., etc. More people retain their most vivid impressions by sight than by hearing—therefore, write it all down in that brand-new diary. It may earn a no-claim bonus, if it doesn't save your life, and the bonus is worth claiming with premiums rising this year. Dates for that diary include a dance in Dublin on January 14th, sponsored by the Irish Aero Club; a dinner-dance in Harrogate at the Grand on February 12th, being a gathering for Yorkshire aviation; the Bristol and Wessex at-home in the ball-room on February 28th; the R.A.F. Flying Club's Display on June 6th, and Brooklands' at-home on June 20th Indoor events of more serious import include an exhibition at British Industries House, Marble Arch, by the Air Transporters and Airporters on January 30th and 31st.—also an Aero Show in Stockholm commencing May 15th.

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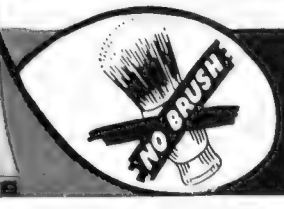

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THE Monte Carlo CALENDAR

Winter Season, 1936

JAN. 26	MONTE CARLO OPERA SEASON opens with Wagner's "Ring."
JAN. 29–FEB. 2	MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY.
FEB. 13	Monte Carlo Golf Club—The Windsor Challenge Cup.
FEB. 16	Tennis Competition for the Cup presented by T.S.H. Princess Antoinette and Prince Rainier of Monaco.
FEB. 19	Music—LISZT FESTIVAL, Conducted by George Georgesco.
FEB. 20	Monte Carlo Golf Club—Sporting Club Challenge Cup.
FEB. 21	Classical Concert, with Mlle. Erica Morini.
FEB. 22	Monte Carlo Opera—Gala Performance and Charity Ball.
FEB. 24–MARCH 1	MONTE CARLO COUNTRY CLUB—GRAND INTERNATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT.
FEB. 27	Monte Carlo Golf Club—"Rivett-Carnac" Challenge Cup.
MARCH 1	Winter Sports—Annual Downhill Race at La Colmiane.
MARCH 4	Berlioz' Requiem, Conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.
MARCH 5	Monte Carlo Golf Club—"Walter de Frece" Challenge Cup.
MARCH 6	Music—GALA CONCERT, Conducted by RICHARD STRAUSS.
MARCH 8	Winter Sports—Monte Carlo Ski Club Relay Race at Beuil.
MARCH 19–20	Monte Carlo Golf Club—THE PRESIDENT'S CHALLENGE CUP.
MARCH 25	CLASSICAL CONCERT, with MME. ELISABETH SCHUMANN.
MARCH 27	GRAND RECITAL by MME. ELISABETH SCHUMANN.
MARCH 28	INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW.
APRIL 1	GALA CONCERT, with MME. LOTTE LEHMANN.
APRIL 2	Monte Carlo Theatre—OPENING OF THE BALLET SEASON.

THE MONTE CARLO MUSIC SEASON continues throughout April, during which month KREISLER will appear on two occasions. THE OPERA SEASON runs until the end of March, and amongst other distinguished Singers who will be heard are LILY PONS, AUTORI and CHALIAPINE. The Comedy and Operetta season also continues until the end of March at the Théâtre des Beaux Arts.

(The foregoing is only a brief summary of the more important events up to the beginning of April—the programme for January has already been published in earlier editions of the Calendar.)

Travel Arrangements

TRAIN (24 hours) 1st Class Return Fare, £19 5s.
Return Sleeper, £9 19s. 2d.
2nd Class Return Fare, £14 0s. 2d.
Return Sleeper, £8 17s. 10d.
30-day Tickets are available on two days a week at a substantial reduction.
AIR (7 hours) Return Fare (to Mandelieu Aerodrome), £22 1s.
SEA (7 days) 1st Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £22.
2nd Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £16.
HOTELS—HOTEL DE PARIS.—Full pension terms from 30s. per day.
HOTEL HERMITAGE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.
HOTEL METROPOLE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.

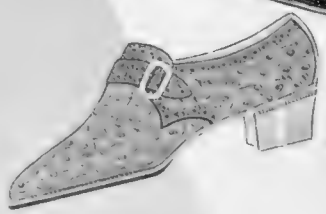
At each of these hotels visitors enjoy the advantage of the "pension tournante," which is an arrangement permitting them to take their meals either at the Café de Paris or the International Sporting Club as an alternative to their Hotel Restaurant. There are other good hotels to suit every purse, where full pension terms can be arranged from 10s. per day. Full particulars from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., and all travel agencies.

Monte Carlo

Bargains from the Sales

Liberty's, Regent Street, began their mid-winter sale on December 30th. It will last throughout the month of January, though they are not, by the way, issuing a catalogue. Everything is greatly reduced in the children's department, including the decorative smock sketched above. It is made in printed shantung, with knickers to match, and only costs 27s. complete

All who wish to invest their money profitably, should visit Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, whose winter sale is now progressing. A catalogue will gladly be sent gratis on application, and is worth studying. Among the many bargains to be found is the luxurious silver fox stole in the top left-hand corner, accompanied by the halo hat. The former is reduced from ten guineas to five, while the latter only costs 18s. 9d.



In less than a week (January 6th, to be precise), Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, will begin their winter sale, and everyone interested should write for a free catalogue. The accessories seen above, are taken at random. Ostrich skin is used for the smart monk shoe with the speckled effect. It is reduced to 29s. 6d. from 35s. 9d., while the washable goatskin gloves with detachable wool linings are only 9s. 11d.

Interlude *(Continued from page 26)*

shied away from it. They seemed bent upon going berserk over it. . . .

"I don't know how I got Webster back to the house, but I did. I locked him in the bath-room. I kept him there all night. I didn't dare go near him, and the sound of his gibbering filled the place. The boys left, and I was alone except for the black girl, who was reading *Punch* and sometimes giving a chuckle over it, and the thing in the bath-room. She went to bed—Webster's—about midnight, and I sat alone.

"In the morning I went across to the plantation feeling like death. The coolies eyed me sideways. I could see that they all knew. I hated the sight of them, and I was going back towards the house, when one old boy came after me. He knew enough English to explain to me that the girl's grandfather was a Yogi, that he had heard of the association and had followed the girl on the night before last when she had gone to meet Webster.

"So I asked where the grandfather lived, and he agreed to take me there. But unwillingly, because he said it was no use. The grandfather had made up his mind to die, he said, and die he would before sundown.

"We went to his hut, a native hut of mud and straw, not more than half a mile away. He looked very old and very remote, lying on his back on some dried grass and staring upwards. I begged and beseeched him—I was half mad with the thought of what I had to go back to in that bungalow—I threatened him with everything I could think of, from whipping to death itself. But it was no use. He was too remote. He seemed already half-way out of the world. The coolie with me just shrugged his shoulders. He had told me!

"I went back to the bungalow. Marcia was sitting at the desk—writing letters! She who couldn't write a word! And the handwriting was Webster's. I remember lying down on the divan and weeping like a child, just from nerves. She came over beside me and patted my shoulder. 'I'll go and tell them to make you some coffee,' she said. 'I've got the boys back, silly devils. You've been out in the sun all day and you haven't had a thing to eat. It's absurd.'"

The voice was Webster's absolutely. I looked up, sure of it and him, ready to find that I had had too much to drink and had fallen asleep on the divan, and that this was a nightmare . . . but there she was—Marcia. Rather concerned, and wholly kind, with the poise that might come out of a Roedean or such-like. And from the bath-room came the hysterical chattering of the thing that had been Webster. We both heard him, but she just gave a shrug and made a casual remark: 'What a filthy row he makes!' she said.

"I stood it for two days and two nights. . . ."

"Then what?" I asked.

He looked at me steadily. "I pushed him down the ravine—Webster. He was the first man I ever killed. It was before the war, you see."

I felt a little sick.

"And the girl?"

"She stayed on with me. She did Webster's work, and she was the only person there who could talk to me in my own language. She was Webster—a pleasant companion. She was also a girl and very lovely."

We were silent for a bit.

"When the old boy came back from England we shipped her off to Bombay . . . she keeps a house there . . . funny to think of an English public-school boy keeping a house in Bombay."

"Very funny."

THE END.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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JANUARY

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Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors, Illustrated Newspapers, Limited, by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Limited, Milford Lane, Strand, London W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Limited, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Wednesday, January 1, 1936.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

January 1—January 7

THE THEATRE

Plays

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—This is a nice entertaining comedy, well acted; Harold Warrender and Jessica Tandy are hero and heroine; Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake contribute amusingly: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE BLACK EYE.—Episodic as to story, but the dialogue situations and acting put it high on the list; Stephen Haggard, Jean Cadell, and Ralph Roberts all excellent: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

DISTINGUISHED GATHERING.—A play from the Embassy, with Frank Vosper and Barbara Couper heading a suitably distinguished cast: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—This domestic comedy of quarrels and making-up is amusingly apt—and runs and runs; Diana Churchill and Richard Bird are the young couple: Aldwych. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Thea Holme is now Precious Stream; the play is a charmer, and deserves to be seen more than once: Little, 8.15.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—The story of unemployment in a family makes a play to see and remember, full of humour and pathos; Julien Mitchell as the father and Ruth Dunning as the daughter are especially good: Winter Garden, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARY TUDOR.—Flora Robson as Mary of England, Joyce Bland as Elizabeth, Marius Goring as Philip of Spain: Playhouse, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NINA.—Versatile acting by Lucie Mannheim in a double part as a film star and her understudy; Cecil Parker and Hugh Miller are also in Bruno Franck's amusing comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—John Gielgud's production and his Romeo, Peggy Ashcroft's Juliet, Laurence Olivier's Mercutio, Edith Evans's Nurse are all unforgettable; perfect Shakespeare: New, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.15.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.—The Christmas production: Old Vic, 8 (except Mon.). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SHORT STORY.—Marie Tempest 's a play in herself, but Sybil Thorndike, A. E. Matthews, Ursula Jeans and Graham Browne all support this mildly improbable story: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard is still a big draw as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—Still one of the best plays on, amusing and sometimes moving; Cedric Hardwicke and Eugénie Leontovich continue their grand acting: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHITE CARGO.—Revival of the ever-popular play of white men, brown women, and black hate, with Olga Lindo, Franklin Dyall and Horace Hodges: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris, Antoinette Cellier, and Mackenzie Ward play lead in this unendingly popular play: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

ANYTHING GOES.—Diana Ward makes an appealing heroine, Sydney Howard is incomparably funny as the villain of this excellently (Cole Porter) musical comedy: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRITZI.—A gay and tuneful musical comedy, with Rosalinde Fuller as the gamine heroine, Leslie French as hero: Adelphi, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girl's-school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobbie Howes an intruding young man; and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 70.—Joan Miller's cameo character-studies and Erikson's card manipulations are new; Eric Barker, Meggie Eaton, Doris Barry, Eric Woodburn, Eddie Kelland, are among the old favourites: Windmill, 1.20—11.30 non-stop.

RIVALS!—Sheridan made into a witty operetta, with Bruce Cartax, Frederick Ranalow, Elsie French: Kingsway 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING STARS.—Leslie Henson is the star, Florence Desmond and Louise Browne also twinkle; the show is gay, the story non-existent: Gaiety, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

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1066 AND ALL THAT.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; Naunton Wayne and Hugh E. Wright are compère and the Common Man: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TULIP TIME.—Twice nightly comedy with music. George Gee, Steve Geray, Greta Fayne, and Sydney Fairbrother in unsophisticated humour and colourful scenes: Alhambra, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TWENTY TO ONE.—Musical sporting farce with Lupino Lane as the best bet: Coliseum, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ESPIONAGE.—Spy-thrills on the Orient Express; Frank Cellier and J. H. Roberts add their quota to the fun; Marion Lorne makes twittering comedy: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FULL HOUSE.—Ivor Novello's farcical comedy makes some people laugh; Lilian Braithwaite carries off a foolish part with her customary brilliance: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE INSIDE STAND.—Ralph Lynn gets his own typical fun (so does Olive Blakeney in her way) out of Wodehouse's crook-play: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams's acting as the young murderer in his own intelligent thriller is excellent; so is the play's humour; it must be seen: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

OUR OWN LIVES.—Irene Vanbrugh queens a mild comedy of no one doing what they want; Lady Tree and Laura Cowie are fun: Ambassador's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a low-brow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neill are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

TREAD SOFTLY.—If it wasn't for Yvonne Arnaud and Ronald Squire, one wouldn't be interested: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—It 's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Miramova, and Joan Maude as wives past. present, to come: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30,

VICKY.—Light and sentimental comedy for those who like it, with a Viennese label; Aileen Marson and Jack Melford are heroine and hero: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Christmas Fare

ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS.—Ursula Hanray as Alice: Little, 2.30.

BERTRAM MILLS' CIRCUS.—Bigger and better than ever—it always is: Olympia, 2.30, 7.30.

BLUE BELL IN FAIRYLAND.—Lorna Hubbard in Seymour Hicks's musical dream-play: Scala, 2.30 and 8.

BUCKIE'S BEARS.—Alma Taylor and Frank Freeman are in it: Garrick, 2 and 5.

FORTY THIEVES.—George Jackley, Naughton and Gold, Kitty Reidy, Polly Ward: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.—Binnie Hale is principal boy, Marjorie Browne, Charles Heslop, Shaun Glenville: Drury Lane, 2 and 7.45.

PETER PAN.—Nova Pilbeam as Peter, Violet Loxley as Wendy, Carol Goodner as Mrs. Darling, George Hayes as Hook: Palladium, matinées, 2.15.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY; OR, WHAT A WITCH! is the Charlot pantomime with Nancy Burne as the Princess, Patrick Waddington as the Prince, Nellie Wallace and Bert Coote: Vaudeville, 2.30 and 8.30.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.—Silver Jubilee production: Holborn Empire, 2.15.

CINEMAS

THE BRIDE COMES HOME.—Claudette Colbert and Fred Macmurray in an amusing new comedy: Plaza.

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1936.—A constellation of stars in a song-and-dance show de luxe: Empire.

EPISODE.—Paula Wessely as an art-student heroine (this performance won her the Volpi Cup): Academy.

FOREIGN AFFAIRES.—Another Walls-Lynn-Hare team-up in a new farce by Ben Travers: Capitol.

THE GHOST GOES WEST.—See this: Clair has made an extra entertaining film of it; Robert Donat is the Scottish hero: Leicester Square.

THE GUV'NOR.—George Arliss as one of life's failures who foils a gang of financial sharks: New Gallery.

KING OF THE DAMNED.—Conrad Veidt as chief rebel convict of this penal settlement thriller: Helen Vinson's the only girl: Tivoli.

LA BANDÉRA.—Annabella and Jean Gabin in a melodrama with a Spanish setting: Curzon.

MOSCOW NIGHTS.—Harry Baur, Laurence Olivier and Penelope Dudley Ward are worth seeing in the film of war-time Russia: Astoria.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.—Henry Hall and his band are the principals in this bright British picture: Regal.

SPLENDOUR.—Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea top the bill in this picture: London Pavilion.

TOP HAT.—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers have a new dance; the music is Irving Berlin's; and the show is better than ever: Carlton.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:
HANSEL AND GRETEL; preceded by NURSERY SUITE ballet: to-day, 2.30.
DIE FLEDERMAUS: to-night, 8.
THE BARTERED BRIDE: January 2nd, 8.
CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and PAGLIACCI: January 3rd, 8.
DIE FLEDERMAUS: January 4th, 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:
NURSERY SUITE, JOB, RENDEZVOUS: January 4th, 2.30.
LE LAC DES CYGNES: January 7th, 8.30.

MUSIC

WINTER PROMENADES.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. for a two-weeks' season: Queen's Hall, 8.

January 1st: Brahms concert, including Symphony No. 4, and Piano Concerto No. 2 (Rubinstein).
January 2nd: Mozart-Haydn concert; Mozart's Symphony No. 25 and Violin Concerto No. 4 (Jelly d'Aranyi); Haydn's Symphony No. 103 and Piano Concerto No. 2 (Helen Perkin).
January 3rd: Beethoven concert; Fourth and Eighth Symphonies and Piano Concerto No. 5 (Clifford Curzon).
January 4th: Popular concert; Peter Dawson sings, and Ernest Hall and Eileen Joyce are trumpet and piano soloists.
January 6th: Wagner concert; Oda Slobodskaya and Parry Jones sing.
January 7th: Hungarian concert, mostly Liszt, Bela Bartok plays his own Piano Concerto No. 2.

ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—Handel's Messiah, conducted by Malcolm Sargent: Albert Hall, January 4th, 2.30.

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Lita Grey Chaplin sings—her first cabaret appearance here; Jack Harris plays for dancing: extension, Wednesday.

CARLTON.—There 's always a three-turn cabaret; Maurice Winnick's band plays: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER.—Les Girls dance and sing, Diana Ward croons, and the Caligary Brothers indescribably perform; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The new show is *New York*, 1936—a girls, music and star-turn show; Syd Lipton plays for dancing: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—There 's a good band (Brian Lawrence's), and you can dance in any clothes: no cabaret.

MAY FAIR.—The "Jardin Fleuri" includes good cabaret; Harry Roy plays for dancing: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

ODDENINO'S.—Dancing and cabaret in the restaurant; beer and Bohemianism in the famous brasserie.

PRUNIER'S.—This is the place in the oyster season, and for all fish foods; the atmosphere is informal, and there 's no music.

RITZ.—Café chantant is another word for good cabaret; Joe Kayne's band plays: extension, Wednesday

SAN MARCO.—There 's no cabaret, but Mantovani's band is excellent; one must dress to dance: extension, Wednesday.

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• GETTING MARRIED:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagement

Bassano

Nancy Martin

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Martin, of Crossways, Box, Wiltshire, and is engaged to R. S. W. Clarke, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Clarke, of Tracy Park, Wick, near Bristol

Bassano

Elizabeth Garcke

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney E. Garcke, of Ditton House, Maidenhead; she is to marry John Spencer Wills, of St. George's Square, S.W.1, the only son of the late Mr. C. S. Wills, and Mrs. Cecile C. Browne

Pearl Freeman

Margaret Brandon

Is the younger daughter of Colonel O. G. Brandon, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Brandon, of Epsom; she is to marry Denzil A. St. J. Hollis, the only son of the Rev. A. H. Hollis, and the late Mrs. Hollis, of The Vicarage, Beer, Devon

Bass

Margaret Gibson

Is engaged to marry Dr. Bruce Williamson, of 137, Harley Street, W.1; she is the daughter of the late Mr. William Gibson, and of Mrs. Gibson, whose home is at 29, Egerton Terrace, S.W.3

Pearl Freeman

Betty Scott

Is the only daughter of the late Lieutenant Leslie Scott, and of Mrs. Leonard Blackburn, of Princes Square, Hove; she is to marry John Meacock, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Meacock, of Birdhurst, Wallington, Surrey

Lenare

Pamela Hornby

Is the eldest daughter of Major C. B. Hornby, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Hornby, of Anick Cottage, Hexham, Northumberland, and is to marry Samuel Enderby, 5th Fusiliers, the younger son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Enderby, of The Halesend, Malvern

Bassano

Elizabeth Carter

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carter, of Eccleshall Castle, Staffordshire, and is engaged to William Anthony Adams, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Adams, who reside at Oulton Grange, Stone, Staffordshire

Bertram P

Isabel Stamer

Is the elder daughter of Lieut Colonel Sir Lovelace Stame Bt., and of Lady Stamer, Ashmead House, Cam, Glouceste shire; she is engaged Middleton Fitch Kemp, Sunningdale School, Berksh

Kay Vaughan

Joy Cunningham

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Napier Cunningham, of 28, Cropthorne Court, W.9, and is to marry Cyril Frederick Myerscough, the only son of Mrs. F. S. Myerscough, of Clonard, Dundrum, Dublin

Lenare

Kathleen Tabberer

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Tabberer, of Queenswood, Keresley, near Coventry; she has announced her engagement to Charles Edward Fletcher Stokes, the younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Berners Stokes

Navana

Patricia Cooke-Collis

Is the only child of Major-Gen. W. J. Cooke-Collis, and Mrs. Cooke-Collis, and is to marry William T. R. Wingfield, the only son of Major William Wingfield, and Mrs. Wingfield, of Stretington House, Chichester, Sussex

Lev

Anita Cohen

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mr Michael Cohen, of 16, Campde Hill Gate, Kensington, W., and ha announced her engagement to Jo Fredman, the elder son of Cap and Mrs. I. Fredman, of 4, Lan caster Gate Terrace, Hyde Par

BRIDES AND THEIR GROOMS

Knight — Holmes

Major Austen Bertram Knight, late 2nd Royal Lancers (G.H.), the elder son of Major-General Sir Wyndham Knight, of Pamber Place, Basingstoke, Hants, and Beatrice Anna Holmes, the elder daughter of the late Mr. Mathew Holmes, F.R.C.S., and of Mrs. Holmes, of Wellington, New Zealand, and 41a, Onslow Square, were married at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton

Clarke — Cowan

muel Henry Rendall Clarke, the second son Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Clarke, of Brigmerston ouse, Salisbury, and Cynthia Cowan, the ird daughter of Major and Mrs. F. E. P. owan, of Bangor, Co. Down, were married St. Saviour's Church, Walton Street

Kell — Walsh

ohn Graham Kell, the younger son of olonel Sir Vernon Kell, K.B.E., .B., and of Lady Kell, of 67, Evelyn ardens, S.W.7, and Dorothy Walsh, e eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. ndrew Walsh, of Boar's Hill, Oxford, ere married at Chelsea Old Church

Bassano

Banon — ffrench

Lieutenant Christopher Banon, R.N., the eldest son of the late Mr. C. Banon, of Broughall Castle, King's County, and Katherine ffrench, the second daughter of the Hon. John ffrench, and of Mrs. ffrench, of Castle ffrench, Ballinamore Bridge, Co. Galway, were married at St. James's Church, Spanish Place

Smith — Jeans

Gordon Macpherson Lang Smith, of Duke Street, W., and Olivia Jeans were married at the Caxton Hall Register Office; the bride is the only child of Sir James Jeans, the famous astronomer and writer on astronomy, who recently married again

Parker — Lockett

Douglas Parker, the elder son of Mr. Alwyn Parker, C.B., C.M.G., and the late Mrs. Parker, of Foldsdown, Thursley, Godalming, and Janetta Verona Lockett, the only daughter of Colonel Jeffrey Lockett, D.S.O., and Mrs. Lockett, of 21, Belgrave Square, were married at St. Michael's Church, Chester Square, W.

Oppenheimer — Stirling

Philip Oppenheimer, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Oppenheimer, of Hereford House, Park Lane, and Pamela Stirling, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Stirling, of Always, Stoke Poges, were married at St. George's Church, Hanover Square

Brown — Gladstone

Lt.-Com. H. Cyril Brown, R.N., the son of the late Engineer Capt. W. Brown, and of Mrs. Brown, of Farnham, Surrey, and Pamela Katherine Gladstone, the daughter of the late Capt. E. O. Gladstone, R.N., and of Mrs. Gladstone, of Pennington, Lymington, were married at All Souls' Church, Langham Place

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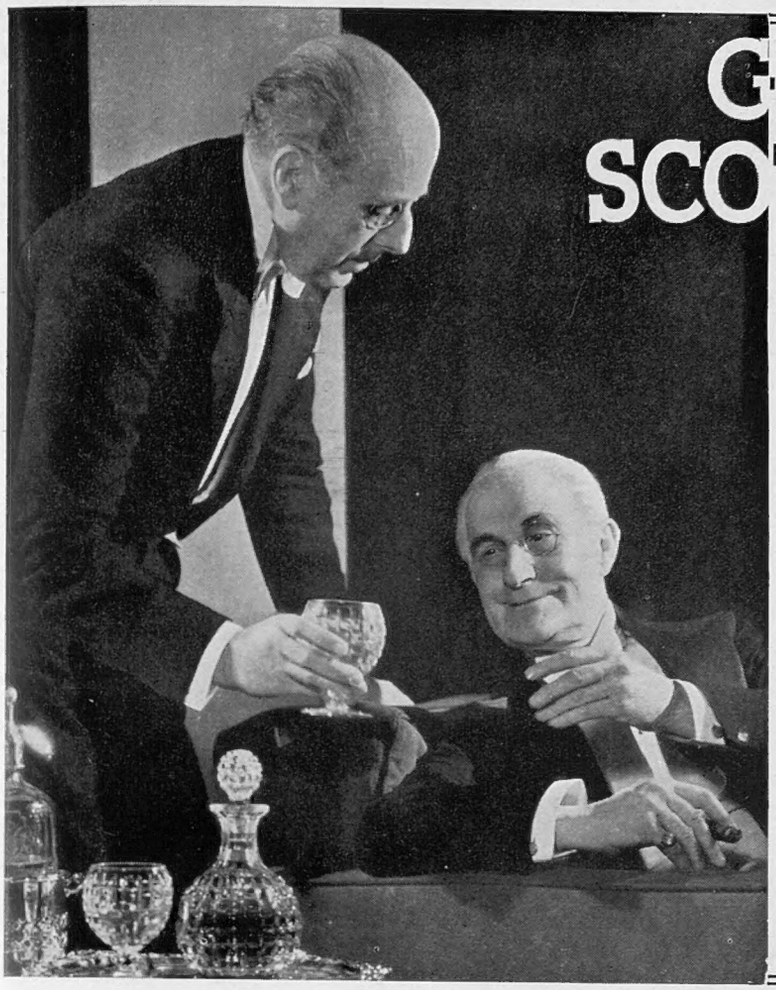

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Drambuie
SEAGER'S GIN
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